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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

Lord, we are thankful for the air,
For breath of life, for water fair,
For morning burst, for noonday light,
For alternation of the night;
For place in Thy infinity;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For years and seasons as they run,
For wintry clouds and summer sun,
For seed time and the autumn store
In due succession evermore,
For flowers and fruit, for herb and tree;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For beauty and delight of sound,
That floats the universe around;
For carol of the happy birds,
For fall of streams, for gush of words,
For music of the earth and sea;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For sight, for touch, for taste, for smell;
For sense of light ineffable;
For health of mind and strength of hand,
For power to know and understand,
For every joy we feel or see;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For daily toil that we endure,
For labor's recompense secure,
For wholesome zest of appetite,
For food and drink and slumbers light,
For vigorous health and pulses free;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For fellowship with human kind,
For pure emotions of the mind,
For joy, that were not joy sincere
Unless for sorrow's previous tear,
For hope, and love, and sympathy;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For conscience and its voice of awe—
Thy whisper when we break the law;
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom mighty as benign;
For all we are, or hope to be,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

LONDON LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

One of the pleasantest reminiscences of my first visit to London is of a breakfast with Barry Cornwall, at the lodgings of our mutual friend and publisher, Mr. Fields of Boston. The hour set for the breakfast was ten o'clock, but we were obliged to wait until eleven for the poet. He came in at last, hurriedly, and began at once to apologise for his want of punctuality, by saying that he had been detained by a call from a friend, whom he could not dismiss abruptly. He begged pardon for keeping us waiting, in a peculiar, earnest, wistful way, which there was no resisting, and we gathered round the table in the best possible humor, and with very tolerable appetites.

Mr. Procter ("Barry Cornwall,") is a man of somewhat over forty, I should say, of about the ordinary height, and rather delicately formed. His head is a very fine one—full and broad, and remarkably high above the ears. His face in repose expresses a peculiar, still thoughtfulness, intense to abstraction—and indicates more refinement and purity of character than force or passion. In his eyes, for all their far-away look, there is now and then a kindling of enthusiasm, and a tremulous gleam of tenderness,—in his voice, which seems to be cultivated up, or rather down to the cold quiet of English high breeding, there are occasionally impulsive, fervid tones, which reveal the poet of love, whose beautiful genius has put forth in tropic profusion the purest and most exquisite flowers of passion, fragrant with immortal truth, and heavy with the honey of the heart.

Barry Cornwall's manner is at first shy to timidity. He has the air of being half frightened, half bored by his own fame. He winces when you refer to it ever so delicately, as though you were touching on some subject painful, or discreditable to him. You feel that whenever possible, he would dodge it, as dexterously as Sheridan ever dodged a creditor or bailiff.

This is the only phase of consciousness which he shows. He is simple, unpretending, thoroughly gentlemanly. It were impossible, I should say, that he could ever jar upon one's sensibilities, or offend one's tastes, or hurt one's self love.

For awhile, the poet was so silent and reserved—so coldly abstracted or indifferent, he looked, as I now and then glanced at him, half fearfully, up through drooping eye-lashes, (for diffidence in others always begets it in me)—that I began to think that the cosy little breakfast, to which I had looked forward with so much pleasure, was turning out a rather dull affair.

But a cup or two of excellent tea, and the irresistible geniality of our friend Fields, gradually drew him out, till he gave us a fine taste of his quality, as a wit and a poet—a treat which I relish keenly in remembrance, but whose delicate flavor I despair of preserving in the sort of "hash," or cold cut, I am serving up for my readers.

Mr. Procter talked of Byron, Scott, Campbell, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth and Moore, telling many little personal anecdotes which were quite new to us—but he dwelt longest and most lovingly upon Charles Lamb, who was one of the first to perceive and encourage his timid, poetical genius. He assured us that the friends and biographers of Lamb, with all their enthusiasm and laudation, had failed to give a just and full idea of the living, speaking, smiling, laughter-provoking, pathetic, whimsical "Elia." "They have," he said, "faithfully preserved the word-form of his wit, but the subtlest essence has escaped them,—and even the quaint and rich humor which you smack your lips over, as a delicious draught, is comparatively stale and spiritless, wanting not alone the fine first flavor of the occasion, but the sparkling bead given it by Lamb's inimitable manner."

From this, he went on to give us some of the genial essayist's curious puns, drolleries, and quaint, compact sayings, which had never been published. Most of these have been driven or shaken from my mind, by the excitements and change of almost constant travel, but those which I remember well enough to quote, I will take the liberty of giving here, using the words of Mr. Procter, whenever I can recall them.

"I never shall forget," he said, "the first time I ventured upon a witticism in the presence of Charles Lamb.—I was then, strange as it may seem to you—a remarkably modest and diffident young man." (This, by the way, we found no great difficulty in believing.) "It was my wont to sit shy and silent, throughout the dinner-time, absorbent and recipient,—drinking in Lamb's mere presence, with greater delight than I had in the choicest wine, seldom lifting my eyes but to fix them with a sort of stealthy admiration, on that face radiant with the prophecy of a jest, delayed on the way by that peculiar stammer, which aggravated just enough to give a fine edge to our appetite for the belated wit. On this occasion I sat next to Lamb, and at length encouraged by his gracious good-fellowship, inspired by good wine, and the wit and merriment about me, I gathered up all my energies and came out with a pun! I took the whole table by surprise—indeed so much so, that I believe almost everybody forgot to laugh at my joke. Lamb turned quickly, and laying his hand on my shoulder, fixed his piercing gray eyes on my blushing face, keenly but kindly, as a good-natured eagle might eye an aspiring sparrow, and stammered out—'Bravo! my boy!—Ben Johnson has said worse things than that,'—then as I looked up proudly, added, with a sly twinkle in his eye, '*and better—and better.*'"

In the anecdotes that follow, I will use my own words, not remembering sufficiently well those of Mr. Procter.

Once when Lamb was entertaining a small party of friends, an invitation to dinner from a certain wealthy and liberal-minded nobleman, was brought in. "Will you go?" asked one of the guests. Lamb shook his head, and glancing down upon a coat and waistcoat a little the worse for wear, said, "This is my best suit." "But, my dear sir," answered his friend, "that will make no difference with his Lordship; he has the wit to appreciate your genius and worth, and neither he nor his guests in listening to you, will look at your coat." "Oh, no," stammered Lamb—"I've no fear of the gentlemen, *but d—n the footmen!*"

This cannot fail to be appreciated by all who in visiting at great houses in England, have, in spite of their republican pride and dignity, felt themselves shrinking with an awkward, uncomfortable, under-dressed feeling, from the supercilious stare of footmen in smart liveries, or in solemn suits of black, with stately white cravats, and immaculate kids, ranged along the hall and confronting one at every landing. I have a vivid recollection of an experience of this kind, on the occasion of my first dinner-party, at a grand London house. In the hall, and on the great stair-case, I was successively met by half a dozen footmen, very resplendent individuals, in gold lace and powder, purple plush breeches, white silk hose, and enormous knee-buckles. I was at once exposed to a perfect broadside of staring curiosity, for the fellows evidently recognized me as a Yankee at a glance,—they scented a republican with the unerring instinct of the most vulgar sort of flunkyism. Now a distinct and dignified nationality is a very good thing, but one doesn't want to be labelled with it, so that "he who runs may read"—one would rather be able to come down with it as a startling fact occasionally, and make a proud proclamation of it where it will produce an effect. I must say that these fine liveried personages revealed in their expressive countenances no very profound respect for that which is of course every true American's chief pride. When I reached the dressing-room, my first glance in the mirror showed me a slightly discomposed and meekened face, instead of the happy and animated countenance, with which I had left my kind friends—the dress they had praised had a faded hue; and even the French flowers in my hair looked a little wilted. I was met at the door of the drawing-room by a stately and elderly individual in plain clothes, whom I should have taken for my host, but that I saw head-footman in his eye, which was the most annihilating of all. His was no stare of vulgar curiosity, but a cold, quiet Littimer look, which struck through me a dismal sense of inexperience—a fish-out-of-waterish, cat-in-a-strange-garretty sort of a feeling. He announced me very graciously, however, and it was with a feeling of positive relief that I found myself amid the splendor and elegance of the drawing-room; among gentlemen and ladies. With them I was soon at my ease and happy, and when after an evening of great enjoyment, I was being handed down to my carriage by my titled host, I felt that I had a soul above footmen, and that I could calmly and serenely look them down.—But the quiet impudence of the varlets was too much for me. They no longer stared, but they glanced at me quite as superciliously as before, out of the corners of their half-shut lazy eyes—and after I had passed, they whispered among themselves—I was sure it was about me.

But I have made a great digression—"*revenons à nos moutons,*" as the French say—that is let us return to Lamb.

For some years before he died, Lamb disliked to meet strangers, feeling unequal to the effort of making new acquaintances. He grew very choice and particular about his society, and when invited out, usually asked for a list of the guests he might expect to meet. At one time, a friend waited on him proposing to give him a small dinner-party, and to invite only such as Lamb would like to see. He proceeded to read a list of the names of such as he had thought of asking. Lamb heard the first few with an approving smile, saying, "Good! good!"—but presently the reader came to the name of a gentleman of a remarkably lugubrious turn of mind, when Lamb suddenly interrupted him, and in a tone of comic distress, exclaimed—"My dear fellow, don't invite *him!* *he'd throw a damper on a funeral!*"

Could anything be more deliciously absurd, more whimsically extravagant, more thoroughly Lambish than this?

The next time that I met Mr. Procter, was at the house of Charles Dickens. The party was a very brilliant one, but throughout the dinner Barry Cornwall sat silent, as usual—absorbing everything and radiating nothing, except furtive gleams of mirth or sympathy from his deep-set, dreamy eyes. His wife is an elegant, fashionable woman, who both dresses and discourses admirably, who has a reputation in society for wit, and who certainly serves up most of her subjects of conversation with a little of the piquant sauce of satire. It is said she adores her husband and reveals a pardonable pride in his genius and fame. Barry Cornwall evidently cannot talk to a circle, but with one or two, he converses charmingly, though always in a subdued voice and in a quiet manner.

At this dinner-party, I first met Walter Savage Landor. This fine poet and noble man, is said to be nearly eighty years of age, but he scarcely looks over sixty. He has a tall, erect, robust figure, a powerful head, borne proudly and crowned with snow-white hair—a face expressive of all the grand elements of a great poetic enthusiast, yet full of gentlest humanities—a manner dignified to stateliness, yet inviting confidence rather than forbidding approach—a frank voice and simple words—a clear, earnest, kindly look, out of dark, full eyes; such is Walter Savage Landor.

Now and then, on this occasion, the poet seemed lost for a moment, in a profound fit of abstraction, seemed to grow deaf to our gay talk, and as though listening to "Imaginary Conversations," of the sages and the ages long departed. But once roused on any question in which his generous enthusiasm was enlisted, his eye flashed with the unquenchable fire of genius, his cheek kindled with the flush of its immortal youth, and his words came forth ponderous, but keen-edged, cleaving through and through the subject, and laying the very heart of it bare. His convictions and prejudices are strong, and his utterance daring,—he is a bold thinker, a free speaker, an intense lover of the good and the true, and consequently, a grand hater of the evil, the false, the unjust. In conversation, his language is terse and strong—and at times peculiarly luminous. He sometimes sends a single word gleaming like a meteor through misty depths of thought, and making all clear, for the moment, at least. He does not, it seemed to me, seek to guide you in his ways, but in spite of yourself you walk therein, and see by his light, while with him.

Near Mr. Landor, at this dinner, sat his most intimate friend, Mr. John Kenyon, of London—a man of elegant tastes, and generous feelings, and happily, with a fortune sufficient to gratify them all,—a poet and a friend of poets, a ripe scholar, a finished gentleman, and a most delightful person. The affection between him and Mr. Landor is to others almost as singular as it is beautiful. The two are strikingly unlike in many things. Mr. Kenyon is the most genial and mirthful of men—half his conversation being made up of gay jests and light criticisms. He has little sympathy with some of Landor's enthusiasms—"hobbies," as he calls them—often assailing them with a remorseless array of practical truths, and tilting at the poet, with a quizzical banter, which sometimes rouses, but never wounds.

I remember a little conversation which I had with Mr. Dickens in the drawing-room, which, as the subject touched upon has since interested all the world, I trust I may be pardoned for giving here at least Mr. Dickens's part of it. "I have just finished a new American book," he said, "sent me by the author—a Mrs. Stowe. Pray have you read it?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "and may I ask your opinion of the work?"

"Oh, I like it very much—it is a novel displaying a good deal of genius—there are portions of it highly dramatic and artistic—but as a whole, I cannot think it a work of art."

I explained that the story was commenced for a novelet, but, as the subject opened to the author, it was gradually enlarged to its present dimensions, which circumstance may have interfered with a skillful and artistic up-building of plot, and a perfect consistency in all the parts. Mr. Dickens bowed assent, but added: "I think Mrs. Stowe makes too much of her subject,—her Uncle Tom strikes me as an impossible piece of ebony perfection. The African character is doubtless rich in many powers and qualities, as yet but partially developed; but I hardly esteem it so far beyond that of all other nations, in magnanimity, generosity and genius, as she has represented it. She hardly gives the Anglo-Saxon fair play. Now, I have great sympathy with colored people—I like what I have seen of the race, but," (here a droll half-smile played about his lips,) "*I have no prejudice against the whites.*"

Mr. Dickens was, at this time, on the early numbers of "Bleak House." I congratulated him on his success in writing in a female character—that of Esther Summerson. He said that he was deeply interested in that part of his work—that he was about to get her in love, and was somewhat apprehensive as to how he should carry her through. We have since seen how wonderfully and beautifully he has accomplished his undertaking. Esther is simply, sweetly, intensely womanly, throughout. Most writers, masquerading in feminine attire, sooner or later, reveal the beard beneath the coif, the boots beneath the kirtle—but nowhere is any such masculine, illusion-breaking revelation made in all this exquisite personation. All human souls must have duality—there must be a feminine half to every man's nature, received from his mother. Many crush it, and crowd it out of existence, by an over-grown, rough and hardened manhood—but it has evidently been nourished into flourishing and fruitful beauty by the post-novelist. He writes of woman as though guided by pure womanly instincts, received into his being, in the time when the child-life was fed by the pulsations of the mother-heart. I love Esther Summerson, though I know that, by many of the strong minds and progressive spirits of my sex, she is held in contempt, as not being "enough of a woman." According to their standard, it may be so—but what she lacks in woman, she makes up in angel.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

BOARDING-HOUSE EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Ralph Renoux lived by his wits: i. e. he kept a boarding-house; *taking in* any number of ladies and gentlemen who, in the philanthropic language of his advertisement, "pined for the comforts and elegancies of a home." Mr. Renoux's house was at the court end of the city; his drawing-room was unexceptionably furnished, and himself when "made up" after ten o'clock in the morning, quite *comme il faut.* Mrs. Renoux never appeared, being, in the pathetic words of Mr. Renoux, "in a drooping, invalid state," nevertheless she might be seen by the initiated haunting the back stairs and entries, and with flying cap strings, superintending kitchen cabinet affairs. Mrs. Renoux was the unhappy mother of three unmarried daughters with red hair, and tempers to match, who languished over Byron in elegant *negligees* of a morning till after the last masculine had departed; then, in curl-papers and calico long-shorts performed for the absentees the duty of chambermaids, peeping into valises, trunks, bureaus, cigar boxes and coat pockets, and replenishing their perfumed bottles from the gentlemen's toilet stands with the most perfect *sang froid.* At dinner, they emerged from their chrysalis state into the most butterfly gorgeousness, and exchanged the cracked treble, with which they had been ordering round the over-tasked maid of all work, for tones of the most reed-like-sweetness as they affectionately addressed "Papa."

At the commencement of my story, Renoux was as happy as a kitten with her first mouse—having entrapped with the bait of his alluring advertisement a widow lady with one child. "The comforts and elegancies of a home"—it was just what the lady was seeking—how very lucky!

"Certainly, Madam," said Renoux, doubling himself into the form of the letter C. "I will serve your meals in your own room if you prefer, but really, Madam, I trust you will sometimes grace the drawing-room with your presence, as we have a very select little family of boarders. Will you choose to breakfast at eight—nine or ten, Madam; do you incline to Mocha? or prefer the leaves of the Celestial City? Are you fond of eggs, Madam? Would you prefer to dine at four or five? Do you wish six courses or more? There is the bell rope, Madam, I trust you will use it unsparingly, should any thing be omitted or neglected; I am just on my way down town, and if you will favor me by saying what you would fancy for your dinner to-day, the market is full of every thing, fish, flesh, fowl, game of all sorts, you have only to express a wish, Madam, and the thing is here; I should be miserable indeed were the request of a *lady* to be disregarded in my house, and that lady deprived of her natural protector, which is it, Madam, fish? flesh? a fowl? Any letters to send to the post-office, Madam? any commands any where? I shall be *too* happy to be of service, and bowing to the tips of his patent leather toes, Mr. Renoux facing the lady, bowed obsequiously and Terpsichore-ally out of the apartment."

The dinner hour came. An Irish servant-girl came with it, and drawing out a table at an Irish angle upon the floor, tossed over it a tumbled table-cloth, placed upon it a castor, minus one leg, some cracked salt-cellars and tumblers, then placed some knives, left-handed, about the table, then withdrew to reappear with the result of Mr. Renoux's laborious research "in the market filled with every thing," viz.: a consumptive looking mackerel, whose skin clung tenaciously to his back bone, and a Peter Schenlel looking chicken, who, in his life time, must have had a vivid recollection of Noah and the forty days' shower. This was followed by a dessert of stale baker's tarts compounded of lard and dried apples; and twenty-four purple grapes.

The next morning Mr. Renoux tip-toed in, smirking and bowing, as if the bill of fare had been the most sumptuous in the world, and expressed the greatest astonishment and indignation that "the stupid servant had neglected bringing up the other courses which he had provided;" then he inquired "how the lady had rested," and when she preferred a request for another pillow, (there being only six feathers in the one she had,) he assured her that it should be in her apartment in less than one hour. A fortnight after, he expressed the most intense disgust that "the rascally upholsterer" had not yet sent—(*what he had never ordered.*) Each morning Mr. Renoux presented himself, at a certain hour, behind a very stiff dickey, and offered the lady the morning papers. Seating himself upon the sofa, he would remark that—it was a very fine day, and that affairs in France appeared to be *in statu quo*—or, that the Czar had ordered his Generals to occupy the Principalities, that Gorchikoff was preparing to cross the Danube, that the Sultan had despatched Omar Pacha to the frontiers, that the latter gentleman had presented his card to Gorchikoff on the point of a yataghan, which courtesy would probably lead to——something else!

During one of these agreeable calls, the lady took occasion slightly to object to Betty's nibbling the tarts as she brought them up for dinner, whereupon Mr. Renoux declared, upon the honor of a Frenchman, that she should be pitched out of the door immediately, if not sooner; and "an efficient servant engaged to take her place."

The next day the "efficient servant" came in, broom in hand, whistling "Oh, Susanna," and passing into the little dressing-room to "put it to rights," amused herself by trying on the widow's best bonnet, and polishing her teeth and combing her hair with that lady's immaculate and individual head-brush and tooth-brush. You will not be surprised to learn that their injured and long-suffering owner, took a frantic and "French leave" the following morning, in company with her big and little band-boxes, taking refuge under the sheltering roof of Madame Finfillan.

Madame Finfillan was a California widow; petite, plump and pretty—who bore her cruel bereavement with feminine philosophy, and slid round the world's rough angles with a most eel-like dexterity. In short, she was a Renoux in petticoats. Madame welcomed the widow with great pleasure, because, as she said, she "wished to fill her house only with first-class boarders;" and the widow might be assured that she had the apartments fresh from the diplomatic hands of the Spanish Consul, who would on no account have given them up, had not his failing health demanded a trip to the Continent. Madam also assured the widow, that, (although she said it herself,) every part of her house would bear the closest inspection; that those vulgar horrors, cooking butter, and diluted tea, were never seen on her Epicurean table; that they breakfasted at ten, lunched at two, dined at six, and enjoyed themselves in the interior; that her daughter, Miss Clara, was perfectly well qualified to superintend, when business called her mother away. And that nobody knew, (wringing her little white hands,) how much business she had to do, what with trotting round to those odious markets, trading for wood and coal, and such like uninteresting things; or what *would* become of her, had she not some of the best friends in the world to look after her, in the absence of Mons. Finfillan.

—Madame then caught up the widow's little boy, and, half smothering him with kisses, declared that there was nothing on earth she loved so well as children—that were were half a dozen of them in the house who loved her better than their own fathers and mothers, and that their devotion to her was at times quite touching, (and here she drew out an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and indulged in an interesting little sniffle behind its cambric folds.) Recovering herself, she went on to say, that the manner in which some boarding-house keepers treated children, was perfectly inhuman: that she had a second table for them, to be sure, but it was loaded with delicacies, and that she always put them up a little school lunch herself, on which occasion there was always an amicable little quarrel among them, as to which should receive from her the greatest number of kisses, and that it was her frequent practice to get up little parties and tableaux, especially for their amusement. "But here is my daughter, Miss Clara," said she, introducing a fair-haired young damsel, buttoned up in a black velvet jacket, over a flounced skirt.

"Just sixteen yesterday," said Madame, "naughty little blossom, budding out so fast, and pushing her poor mamma off the stage," (and here Madame paused for a compliment, and looking in the opposite mirror, smoothed her jetty ringlets complacently.) "Yes, every morning little blossom's mamma looks in the glass, expecting to find a horror of a gray hair; but what makes my little pet so pensive to-day? thinking of her little lover, hey? Has the naughty little thing a thought she does not share with mamma? but dear me! and Madame drew out a little dwarf watch; I had quite forgotten it is the hour Mons. Guigen gives me my guitar lesson. Adieu, dinner at six; remember," and Madame tripped coquettishly out of the room.

Yes; "dinner at six." Gold salt-cellars, black waiters and finger-bowls; satin chairs in the parlor, and pastilles burning on the side-table; but the sheets on the beds all torn to ribbons, the boarders allowed but one towel a week; every bell-rope divorced from its bell; the locks all out of order on the chamber doors; the "dear children's" bill of fare at the "second table"—sour bread, watery soups, and cold buckwheat cakes, and "dinner at six," only an invention of the enemy to save the expense of one meal a day, (the good, cozy, old-fashioned tea.)

Well, the boarders were all "trusted" by Madame's butcher, baker and milkman; Miss Clara eloped with the widow's diamond ring and Mons. Peneke; and Madame, who had heard that Mons. Finfillan was "among the things that were," was just about running off with Mons. Guigen, when her liege lord suddenly returned from California with damaged constitution and morals, a dilapidated wardrobe and empty coffers.

Moral. Beware of boarding-houses; in the words of Shakspeare,

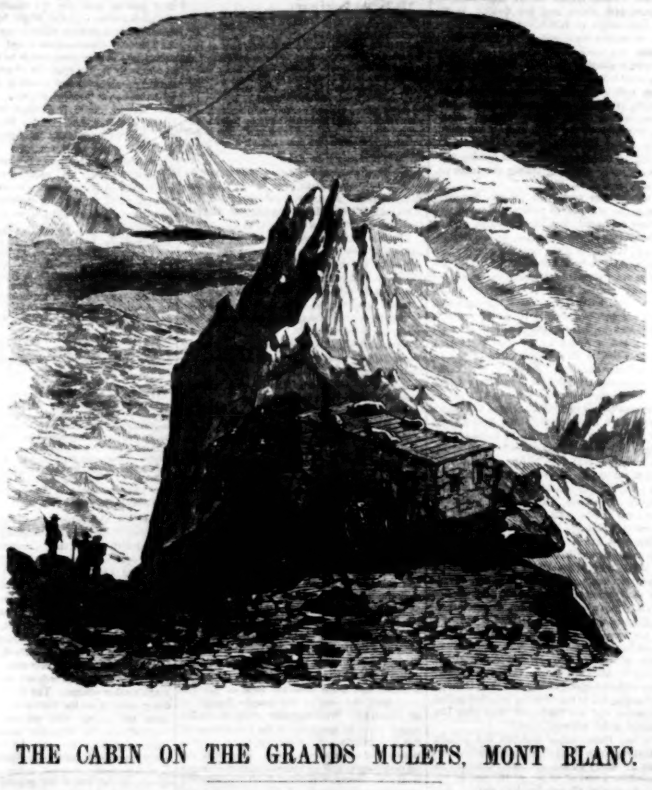
Let those keep house who ne'er kept house before;
And those who have kept house keep house the more.

FANNY FERN.

Uses of Fairy Literature.—It would be hard to estimate the amount of gentleness and mercy that has made its way among us through these slight channels. Forbearance, courtesy, consideration for the poor and aged, kind treatment of animals, the love of nature, abhorrence of tyranny and brute force—many such good things have been first nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid. It has greatly helped to keep us, in some sense, ever young, by preserving through our worldly ways, one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights. In an utilitarian age, of all other times, it is a matter of grave importance that Fairy tales should be respected. To preserve them in their usefulness, they must be as much preserved in their simplicity and purity, and innocent extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whosoever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him.—*Household Words.*

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—*Tillotson.*

Our Picture Gallery.



THE CABIN ON THE GRANDS MULETS, MONT BLANC.

During the long, dreary months of a recent winter, the guides of Chamouni employed themselves in making the frame-work of a hut, to be erected on one of the rocks on the side of Mont Blanc, known as the *Grands Mulets,* whereby travellers might be sheltered from the cold during the night bivouac. Hitherto blankets and railway rugs have formed the chief protection against the low temperature, and these, under ordinary circumstances, were found sufficient in the majority of cases; but as the rocks themselves are situated at an elevation of 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and consequently about 2,000 feet above the Alpine line of perpetual snow, and, moreover, are frequently exposed to tremendous storms, the shelter of a cabin is very desirable. Its size is about fourteen feet long by seven wide; and the roof of the lean-to slants towards the west, so that the afternoon sun melts the snow thereon, and the water that drips from the eaves is carefully collected in bottles, as there is no other chance of collecting any, except by the stove. As soon as the sun goes down, if there be the least puff of wind, the cold is very sharp and biting, and icicles form, almost immediately, at the edge of the roof.

In consequence of the erection of this hut, the Grands Mulets has become one of the excursions from Chamouni. Whilst it avoids the expense and risk of the actual ascent of Mont Blanc, it is a greater feat for ambitious tourists to attempt than the journey to the Jardin. There is, besides, the excitement of sleeping one night amidst the eternal snows of the mountain, and the wonderful view of sunset and sunrise from so great an elevation; whilst the lover of dangerous enterprise will always find here more than a sufficient number of precipices, fissures and obstacles generally, amidst the wild horrors of the upper part of the Glacier du Taconay, to satisfy him.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "CLARA MORELAND,"
"FORGED WILL," "PRAIRIE FLOWER,"
"KATE CLARENDON," "TRAITOR,"
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

STORM-BOUND.

Day dawned upon our party of wayfarers with the storm still raging, though not with quite as much fury as through the latter part of the night. The clouds were almost inky black, and hung low, and the rain still fell in torrents; but though the wind blew strong from the north-east, it no longer came in such fierce gusts as to cause even the most timid any further alarm for the safety of the tent. Daylight also brought relief in another shape. The night had passed without any assault from a savage foe; and now that the double gloom of darkness and uncertainty was dispelled, and all could see about them clearly, confidence was restored, and even the negroes felt ashamed of the cowardice they had so recently displayed.

As the storm still beat too violently to permit of a fire being kindled outside of the tent, the morning's meal was easily prepared, and consisted of jerked venison, cold bear meat, cold corn cake and mush, maple molasses, and salt. It was not very dainty fare, it is true; and was not served in a style to suit a modern exquisite: but it was at least good healthy food; and the travellers in the wilderness of that day were satisfied to get as good—being more apt to trouble themselves about quantity than quality.

By the time that the meal was ready, Kingsley made his appearance; and so altered was he, by the removal of paint and change of dress, that each member of the party gazed upon him in surprise; and even the Major admitted, that if he had met him any where else, he would have been loth to swear to his identity with the wretched looking object he had the night before brought into the tent in an unconscious state.

The personal appearance of Kingsley was rather prepossessing. He was apparently about thirty years of age, had regular features, black hair and eyes, and, when animated, the expression of his countenance was highly intellectual. The nose was slightly acquiline, and the lips were thin and compressed, denoting a person of resolution, decision, and firmness. In his smile, and the light of his dark eye, there was something almost fascinating; and yet, at the same time, there was a something, you could not say what, that seemed to repel. It was, in fact, as if a good and evil principle were struggling for the mastery—the one drawing you to him—the other keeping you at a distance. His manners were refined and polished, and seemed to indicate one who had passed much of his time among persons of high breeding. The garments which he now had on, were of coarse materials, and were much too large for him; but still his air had so much of the dignified and commanding, and his movements were so easy and graceful, that the most ignorant boor would never for a moment have mistaken him for a fellow of his own grade. His head was still bandaged; but the cloths had been taken off and replaced in a way to denote that he was one who had had some experience in the dressing of wounds. There was a winning cordiality and frankness in his manners, as he came forward, and, bowing politely, said:

"I give you good morning, ladies, and sincerely regret you have not had a good night's rest."

Gertrude and Mrs. Hargrave both bowed to his salutation, and the latter replied:

"I regret, even more than the loss of rest, that this storm is likely to detain us here a day and night longer. You, Mr. Kingsley—for so my husband informs me you are called—seem to have rested better than we: I trust you find your wound less serious than we at first apprehended?"

"Thank you, madam; and am happy to say my wound is not serious, and will not long trouble me," returned Kingsley, again bowing. "I was stunned by the fall; and the wound might have proved fatal, perhaps, had I not fallen into good hands. Miss Wilburn," he added, turning frankly to Gertrude, "is entitled to my special thanks, for her kindness to one whom she had good reason to believe was her foe."

"I did nothing but my duty, sir," replied Gertrude, slightly coloring. "The Bible tells us we should do unto others as we would that others should do unto us; and, in carrying out that divine precept, we do but our duty; and whether the other party be friend or foe, we lose not our reward by so doing."

"Ah! how few obey that divine command!" said Kingsley, in a tone of reflection, letting his eyes fall to the ground.

"They who disregard it are the losers," rejoined Gertrude.

"Mr. Kingsley," now interposed Hargrave, "I owe you an apology for an unwonted oversight on my part last night; I forgot to ask you to eat—and you must have been hungry. The only reparation I can now make, is to ask you to eat a double quantity of cold breakfast. Come! the meal waits;" and he led the way to the frugal repast.

The day proved a very unpleasant one to our party of wayfarers—the storm continuing, with little or no abatement, till the sun went down. Time thus spent in the wilderness, without books, occupation, or amusement, and by persons wet, cold, and anxious, naturally became irksome; and none regretted to see darkness again settle over the earth; for the beds had been so arranged through the day that the wet would not again disturb the sleepers, and all hoped to pass a few of the dreary hours in a state of forgetfulness.

A few hours of the morning, it is true, had glided away in an interesting conversation between the Major, the ladies, and Kingsley—the last mentioned of whom had done what he could to entertain the others, by drawing largely upon a fund of anecdote and narration, well seasoned with wit, common sense, and shrewd observation; but he at last grew weary of talking, and the rest of the day became only so many hours of mental depression and sullen gloom, which very well accorded with the state of the weather.

At an early hour in the evening all retired to rest, and most of the party slept soundly till day broke on the following morning. It was still raining—but not very hard; the wind had changed; the clouds were broken; and, an hour or two later, the bright sun became visible, shining through a gentle sprinkle, sending gladness to every heart, and setting a long beautiful bow on the western heavens, as a sign that he had resumed his sway and the power of the storm was past.

Preparations were now made for resuming the journey; and, long before noon, the little cavalcade began to descend the mountain. As it is not our design to give further incidents of the slow and toilsome journey of the Major and his family through the wilderness, we will merely say here, that the fourth night from his quitting Laurel Ridge, he pitched his camp upon the spot he had selected for his future home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW HOME AND INCIDENTS.

Major Hargrave was a man of energy, and energetically did he set to work, on the day following his arrival at his destination, to construct a comfortable log-cabin for his family. He had brought with him a number of farm-tools, and, among the rest, some four or five good axes; and as Kingsley, who had accompanied him to his journey's end, volunteered to assist him in putting up his new structure, four of these axes were thus brought into immediate use, and most vigorously were they applied to the trees of the forest.

For the site of his cabin, the Major selected a knoll, at a point where a creek or stream of considerable size poured its waters into the Monongahela. The base of this knoll was, owing to a bend of the Monongahela, washed on two sides by that river, and on the third by the afore-mentioned creek—so that it might with some propriety be termed a peninsula. The natural advantages which such a spot possessed against a covert assault, struck the Major at once; and he forthwith determined to erect his cabin here, surround it with a stockade, and cut a broad channel from river to creek, so that none could approach it without first crossing water. To carry out the full design, however, would require more labor and time than could well be spared at once; and so the Major resolved to first clear up the knoll, erect his cabin, and put his crops into the ground, that his family, if unmolested, might have the means of living through the year.

A log-cabin in the wilderness, is a building easily constructed; and, with four laborers, may be completed in a very short time. Trees, of about a foot in diameter, are first cut down, then cut to a certain length, and notched on two sides, near the two ends. By this means, the end logs lock into those laid lengthwise, and the bodies meet, forming a structure, compact, solid, durable, and bullet-proof. When, by placing one log above the other, the building has reached the proper height to begin the base of the roof, the two end logs are allowed to project beyond the others, and these are called eave-bearers. Across these, reaching from one to the other, running lengthwise, are laid two saplings, called butting poles. The end logs are then shortened, to form the slope of the roof—the transverse logs still locking into them, by notches, as before. When, by means of this angle or slope, the ribs, as the roof timbers are called, meet, a single one is laid across the top, forming the ridge-pole or comb of the whole. The skeleton of the house is now complete; and the next proceeding is to put on the clapboards, to keep the roof from leaking. These, from two to three feet long, are split from timber of about two feet in diameter, and of a thickness varying from one to two inches; and, when laid on the roof, are lapped one over the other, with cross poles over them, to keep them in their places. A hole is next cut, about central way of the building, to serve as a door; another, of smaller dimensions, on the same side, for a window; and a third, on the other side of the cabin, opposite the door, for a fire-place. The hearth, back, and jambs of this fire-place are formed of large, flat stones; and the chimney, constructed of logs, is put up outside. The door itself is generally made of split timbers, pinned together through cross-bars, and hung on heavy wooden hinges. Some lighter frame work serves for the window, and greased paper answers the purpose of glass. Cross-timbers are then laid along the ground, from two to four feet apart; and to these are pinned what are called puncheons, which somewhat resemble boards, being split from logs to about three inches in thickness, and hewed on both sides tolerably smooth. Just such tables, stools, benches, bedsteads, and shelves, made from similar materials, in the same rough manner, and you will form a pretty correct idea of a log-cabin of early times.

Such was the kind of building which Major Hargrave, with the aid of Kingsley and the two negroes, erected on the summit of the selected knoll, within six days from the first stroke of the axe—the family meantime occupying the tent, which was pitched close by. On the seventh day, the whole party entered their new abode, with all their effects; and rough and homely though it was, it seemed like a mansion to them, after their long, fatiguing journey through a pathless forest, across mountains and streams, and at all times surrounded by perils, both visible and unseen.

"Well, wife, what think you of your new home?" inquired Hargrave, as Mrs. Hargrave seated herself on a rough bench, and drew her little children around her.

"If God keeps us all in health, and permits us to live here in peace, I shall never murmur," was her reply, as she took her youngest on her lap, folded her to her bosom, and kissed her with maternal fondness.

"I guess nobody won't hurt us now," said the little boy, gazing around upon the strong, thick, rough walls.

He was a very interesting child, with blue eyes, fair curly hair, and an intelligent expression of countenance.

"What makes you think nobody will hurt us now, Joseph?" inquired his mother, fondly placing a hand upon his head.

"'Cause papa won't let them," he answered, looking proudly upon his father. "If he could keep everybody and everything from hurting us in the woods, I guess he can keep everybody and everything from hurting us in this strong house. Don't you think so, Cuba?" he added, appealing to that colored individual, who was busy stopping up the chinks in the fire-place.

Cuba, between whom and the little boy a great intimacy and very warm friendship existed, on hearing his name called, dropped his work, and turning round, said:

"W'at's de subject ob dispution, dis time, Mas'er Josy, dat I's called on to exculpidate?"

"Why, I was saying papa wouldn't let nobody hurt us in this strong house—would he?"

"De Lor' bless you, chile! so fur's you'se'f am 'corned, dar's not nobody living, I's dar say, dat would so fur set aside de ambigenious feelings of de human natur' ob de genilmen, dat he would put a hand on you' h'ar."

"You wouldn't let nobody hurt us, would you, Cuba?" cried the next younger, a bright-eyed, sunny-haired, affectionate little girl of five; and as she spoke, she bounded up to the negro, and clasped him around the leg.

Cuba stooped down, gently raised the child into his arms, and turned aside to the fireplace, as if to examine it, but in reality to conceal his emotion.

"Say, Cuba!" continued the little girl, playfully, patting his black cheek with her small, soft, lily hand; "Say, Cuba! would you let anybody hurt us? now would you?"

"No, Missee Nelly, chile, darling—de Lor' help me—not while I's got dis neck right side up on dis head."

"There, Joe, I knew he wouldn't," cried Nelly, throwing her arms around Cuba's neck, and looking back to her brother with childish triumph.

"Come, Cuba," cried Aunt Chloe, as she brushed past her consort, with a load of pewter dishes, which she was about to arrange on a couple of shelves that had been put up in one corner for this purpose, and which she proudly denominated her pantry—"if you am to fix dat ar fireplace, 'fore I's commence de cookery, 'spect you'd better do it; for when I's git dese dishes 'ranged, dar'll be a corn-cake under way, and dee dar'll be no time lef' for your fussification wid de cracks."

"Dar, chile—dar," said Cuba, as he gently placed little Ellen on her feet; and drawing his sleeve across his eyes, and fetching one or two hems, he resumed his work in the chimney.

Simple Roley, with his hands in his pockets, now came sidling up to the fireplace; and after watching Cuba a few minutes, said, with an air of deep reflection:

"Cuba, I will thank you to make the draught good—since I am to make the fires, and nothing but green wood for fuel. Cuba, my idea must really be carried out, for the world has suffered long enough."

"Well, frien' Roley," replied Cuba, looking up from his work; "de saccumstance ob car'ing out your idee ob de princerpals ob de suction, am very much fumigated; but, but de real truf'h am, dat I's doesn't know de exact perzition ob de fust understanding ob de proper state ob de affa'r."

"Ignorance!" muttered the simpleton, with a smile of contempt; and turning abruptly away, he walked out of the cabin into the open air.

It was a beautiful morning—the heavens clear—and the sun, about half way to the zenith, was pouring down a soft, warm, mellow flood of light upon a pleasing landscape. Standing upon a log, near a large, sturdy oak, which the Major, with a view to something picturesque, had expressly reserved, was Gertrude Wilburn, gazing upon the scene with those feelings of pleasure which a contemplation of nature is apt to awaken in the breast of one possessed of a poetic temperament. Perceiving her, the simpleton took two or three steps toward her; but changing his mind—or, rather, some mind changing him—he drew stealthily up to the tree, and concealed himself behind it; so that, as he expressed it, "he might watch Mistress Gerty without being seen, because something was going to happen."

Had Simple Roley been guided by sound reason, or good common sense, he would never have fancied that anything peculiar connected with our heroine was about to happen at such a time and place; but so it is, that the instinct of the animal, and the prescience of the fool, oftentimes exceed the vaunted wisdom of those who are called wise.

And what explanation may we attach to facts that are in themselves so wonderful and mysterious? May we not suppose, that where there is animal life, without mind or reason, that such object may be easily impressed by prescient mind beyond the material existence, which to us alone is visible by the natural eye? May we not infer, that objects, possessing animal life, but lacking mind and reason, are so impressed, when they do that which provides against a future contingency, and yet without showing any evidence of a foreknowledge? That this is every day done, none will gainsay; but by what process it is done, let those who have a better solution to the mystery, give it. Pope says:

"Who taught the natives of the field and wood,
Prescient, the tides and tempests to withstand?"

Ay, who taught them? Let those who deny the existence of a God—who deny a future existence—who deny the existence of mind out of the body—answer!

The scene which Gertrude Wilburn gazed upon, was calculated to afford the contemplative mind a feeling of pleasure commingled with awe. She was standing on the southern side of the cabin, on a rise of ground, which, without being high itself above the land adjoining on the north, gave her vision an extended sweep toward the south. Immediately around her, the trees had been felled, with the exception of the oak just mentioned; and trunks, branches, chips and stumps, almost concealed the ground which they had so recently shaded. Below her, the knoll descended almost abruptly to the point where the smaller stream joined the larger; and through the branches of trees still standing at its base, she could see the waters, bright and silvery where the sunlight fell upon them, and dark and gloomy where the forest threw its shadows; but rendered more interesting and beautiful by the strong contrast which one portion presented to the other. Beyond the Monongahela, far away to the distant hills, which drew the line against the sky, stretched an unbroken forest, green with the leaf of spring, beautiful to look upon, but filling the mind with emotions of grandeur, solitude, mystery and awe; for who could say what danger lurked within that seemingly boundless covert? Away to the right, or west, across the creek, on a distant hill, Gertrude beheld a small clearing, and saw a blue smoke ascending from the cabin of another settler in this wilderness; but this, save her own home, was the only sign of civilization visible—all the rest being forest—deep, dark, unbroken, mysterious forest. Yet the scene was not void of life, though so little of human life was to be seen. Thousands of the feathered tribe, many of them of the brightest and most showy plumage, sailed through the blue ether, skimmed along the surface of the waters, fluttered among the branches of the trees, and gave vent to their gladness in songs of such delightful melody, that Gertrude, enchanted through the senses of seeing and hearing, stood rivetted to the spot, lost in a kind of poetical revery.

At length the spell was broken by the appearance of Kingsley, who emerged from the wood near by, carrying a rifle in his right hand, and having a wild turkey, which he had shot, slung over his left shoulder. On seeing him, the first impulse of our heroine was to turn away and enter the cabin; but it at once struck her that this proceeding might seem rude; and as she was not one who would intentionally or knowingly hurt any one's feelings, she remained on the spot, merely stepping down from the log on which she had been standing.

It may be proper to remark here, that though Kingsley had for many days been a member of the household of Hargrave, travelling with the family, eating at the same table, and sleeping in the same tent, yet nothing like intimacy had sprung up between him and Gertrude; and in all this time he had probably never said a dozen words to her, that had not been spoken in the presence or hearing of a third party. And this had been mainly owing to the management of Gertrude herself. Not that she had any particular dislike to Kingsley; on the contrary, she considered him a gentleman of fine mind, good education, and high breeding; but he was a stranger to her—a stranger about whom hung a mystery—and she felt no interest in him, further than a willingness to exchange the common civilities of the day, converse on topics of general interest, and treat him at all times with proper respect.

And, in justice to Gertrude, we will say here, that though she had a fine poetical temperament and organization, she was not one of your wildly romantic heroines, to fall desperately in love with a mysterious stranger, merely because he was mysterious. No! possessing a sweet, gentle, affectionate disposition, a desire to please and be pleased, a mind which could ever find congeniality in lofty thoughts and aspirations, she was still one to be guided in all she did by sound, practical common sense. Whether Kingsley had a more special regard for her, than she for him, the reader can judge from what follows.

"You see, Miss Wilburn," he said, with a smile, as he came up, holding up the turkey by the neck, "I have provided something for Aunt Chloe to try her skill upon."

"I fear she will make a sorry job of it," returned Gertrude, pleasantly; "for even a good cook, with a good turkey, may fail to make a good dish, if she lack all the other essentials."

"What a gloomy wilderness lies yonder in full view!" pursued Kingsley, changing the subject, and pointing toward the south; and as he spoke, his features became very grave, and something like a sigh escaped him.

"It would not appear so gloomy to me," replied Gertrude, "if it were not for the thought, that a terrible foe may therein lie concealed."

"Ay, Miss Wilburn, that is the thing; for no one, in such a wilderness as this, can say his or her life is safe for an hour."

"For the matter of that, Mr. Kingsley, no one can say his or her life is safe for an hour, even in the settlements," returned Gertrude; "but there is this difference; there we do not feel ourselves surrounded by danger at all times, as we do here; and hence we live on in more *seeming* security, and think less of death. I am not sure," she added, reflectingly, after a slight pause, "but the wilderness may be the better place of the two to prepare ourselves for the great change which must sooner or later take place."

"Do you think you will be contented to spend your days here?" inquired the other.

"I do not know how that may be, Mr. Kingsley; but I shall *strive* to be contented in whatsoever station and situation it may please Providence to place me."

"And do you think Providence has placed you here, Miss Wilburn?"

"I believe Providence has permitted me to come here, with my dear sister, to be her companion."

"Do you not candidly think that you yourself had more to do with your coming hither than Providence?"

"Why such a question, Mr. Kingsley?" rejoined Gertrude, turning to him with an air of surprise. "Surely, you do not doubt the existence of that Overruling Power which is often termed Providence?"

"I do not doubt the existence of an Overruling Power, Miss Wilburn; but I think some persons are too apt to attribute that to a Higher Power, which is merely the result of their own individual action. I do not believe in the *special interposition of Providence*; for that, to my mind, seems to imply the continual working of miracles, and is directly opposed to the idea of a general law governing everything which has a being."

"Still," replied Gertrude, unwilling to yield her point, "if you believe in Providence at all, you must admit that nothing takes place without its permission."

"Why, as to that, I must say, that everything which happens, is permitted to happen, otherwise it would not happen; but this rather goes to support my argument than confute it; for it proves that Providence does not interfere in the matter at all. There is quite a difference, Miss Wilburn, between bringing a certain thing to pass, and doing nothing to prevent it; and it certainly does not follow, that because it happens, it has the sanction of Providence—otherwise the murderer might justly claim, that in doing the murder, he was doing Heaven's will. No, Miss Wilburn—I believe there are certain great, fixed laws which govern everything; and that it is as easy for us to break those laws, as to keep within their limits; but those laws, containing exactly what is required for a proper regulation, if we do break them, we must suffer to the exact amount which we transgress. But I have brought on a discussion, without intending to do so; and so let us go back to the point where we started. Have you never as yet regretted leaving the settlements for a home in the wilderness?"

"I certainly would not have come hither from mere choice of locality; but circumstances rendered it necessary for my sister to come; and I would not be so selfish as to remain behind, and leave her without a female companion to help lighten the heavy hours of solitude and gloom which she professes must pass in a place so far beyond the pale of society."

"But she is not without companionship; she has a husband, children and servants."

"And a sister," added Gertrude, smiling.

"But when she had so many to care for, and to care for her, she should not have accepted such a sacrifice from you as total [illegible] from the world, as my sharing of hardships and perils beyond number."

"Wrong her not by believing she [illegible] it," replied Gertrude, warmly. "No, my cousin, with her one my own being [illegible] her and her husband's [illegible] [illegible]. The truth is, Mr. Kingsley, when our dear mother died, [illegible], at the recollection, the eyes of the [illegible] Gertrude filled with tears—she left the little all she possessed to my sister and myself. To have divided this, would have left her almost needy, and might have brought suffering upon her and her family. I would not hear to a division on this account, although she and my brother-in-law were both generous enough to propose it, and even urge my consent. Well, without a division, if they left for the wilderness, they would of course take all; and thus I, if I remained behind, would be left penniless; but, by my keeping with them, there would be no need of a division; and I knew that if they found a home here, I should find one also."

"Miss Wilburn," rejoined Kingsley, earnestly, looking her full in the eye, "you are the most unselfish being it has ever been my lot to meet with; and if I could be certain you might ever be brought to take an interest in my welfare, I would never cease to bless the hour and circumstance which first brought us together."

Gertrude crimsoned to the eyes, for the tenor of Kingsley's language was too pointed to be mistaken. For some moments she seemed greatly embarrassed—in fact, until Kingsley again spoke.

"May I dare to hope, Miss Wilburn," he continued, closely noting every change and expression of her countenance, "that you do or will take an interest in my welfare?"

"So far as to wish you well, Mr. Kingsley," she now replied, regaining her natural look, tone, and manner.

"Nay, Miss Wilburn," rejoined Kingsley, speaking earnestly and pointedly, a slight flush now mantling his own features, "I mean something more than merely wishing me well. The truth is," he continued, hurriedly, without waiting for her to reply; "the truth is, Miss Wilburn, I have taken a deeper interest in your welfare than I could have believed it possible for me to take in one of your sex before we met. I am a stranger to you, I know; and the manner of my introduction to you was not one, I am aware, to leave you void of suspicion that I may be worse than I seem; but were all to be explained to your entire satisfaction, and you be led to believe me a man of principle and honor, would you, could you, take any more interest in me than in any other gentleman?"

"Frankly, Mr. Kingsley, I could not," replied Gertrude, looking toward the ground.

"Then I have no hope," rejoined the other, with a deep sigh, turning away his face, perhaps to conceal his emotion. "Well," he resumed, after a slight pause, "I am not sorry I have asked the question—though I would to Heaven it had been differently answered! I am about to leave, Miss Wilburn, and it is not probable we shall ever meet again. I wish you well, and sincerely hope there are many years of happiness before you!"

There was a melancholy sadness in the tone of Kingsley, that touched a sympathetic chord in the breast of Gertrude; and her voice gave evidence of this, as she inquired:

"Do you take your departure soon, Mr. Kingsley?"

"The shadow of yonder tree (pointing to the oak) will scarcely be cast to the eastward, ere I shall be lost in the depths of the great forest," was the reply, spoken in a desponding tone.

Gertrude was about to say something more; when, with a yell of horror, the simpleton bounded from behind the oak, shouting:

"A snake! a snake! a snake!"

Impulsively Gertrude sprung back; and at the same instant a copperhead shot past her, and fastened its poisonous fangs in one of Kingsley's leggins. With perfect composure, but with a movement quick as thought, he struck the serpent a violent blow with his rifle, which loosened its hold and laid it writhing upon the earth. Then calmly, but quickly, placing the breech of his weapon upon the head of the reptile, he said, as he crushed it into the ground:

"May such be the fate of all your enemies, Miss Wilburn!"

Gertrude shuddered—for it seemed to her she had just escaped an awful death.

"I now more firmly than ever believe in the direct guardianship of an invisible intelligence," she said, solemnly. "You may call it a general law, if you will, Mr. Kingsley—but I shall term it Providence."

"And wherefore!" returned the other. "It was by mere accident that Jacob saw the serpent in time to give you warning."

"No, it wasn't, Mr. Kingsley, begging your pardon for contradicting you!" said the simpleton, approaching Gertrude, and taking her hand. "No accident about my seeing that snake, sir, I assure you. I knew something was going to happen to Mistress Gerty before I concealed myself behind that tree. Did I not save you, Mistress Gerty?" he added, turning, and looking fondly into her sweet face.

"You did, Roley," she answered, giving his hand a warm pressure: "you did; and I will love you for it."

"You see, sir," pursued the mooning, with an air of consequence; "you see, Mr. Kingsley, I am the favored suitor."

Kingsley colored to the temples; but said, with an affected laugh:

"I shall soon leave you a clear field."

Gertrude, without making any reply, turned quickly away, and hastened into the cabin.

Some three hours later, Kingsley took leave of the Major and his family, and departed none knew whither. Shortly after, a small silk purse, containing ten doubloons, was found on the sill of the window; but whether left there by mistake, or design, none could say.

"Well," said Hargrave, musingly, "there are some men that cannot easily be fathomed; and he who has just left us, is one of them. He is first taken in disguise—which appears to give him less trouble than it does me—he joins my family, accompanies me on my journey, assists me to erect my cabin, and, the very day I get into comfortable quarters, he leaves abruptly, and says not a word concerning his own destination. It is all very strange—very mysterious."

Gertrude said nothing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellaneous.

Singular Story.—We can hardly credit the following, until confirmed: The London Christian Times has a letter dated Constantinople, November, 1853:

A mussulman has just been beheaded at Adrianople for professing the Christian religion. Happening at this precise moment of time, when the fleets of England and France are lying in the Bosphorus, having come to preserve the Turkish government from annihilation, it must be regarded as critical. A providence is in it, and depend upon it, great results will follow. The circumstances are briefly these:

A Mussulman young man, of the village of Eski-Zaghara, near Adrianople, belonging to a sect of Turks called Taffani, declared publicly that Mohammed was a false prophet, and that the true prophet was Christ, and that after Him there was no prophet. The Turks warned him to beware, but he persevered in his profession of Christianity, and was at last seized and thrown into prison. Subsequently, he was removed to Adrianople, where he was tried before the highest court of the Pasha. He steadily persisted in his previous declaration, adding that, "so long as we have Christ, we have no need of Mohammed." He also said Mohammed was a false man, and he exposed the corruption of the Mohammedan system. He was remanded to prison and cruelly tortured, to induce him to recant, but in vain. He was afterwards brought out and beheaded, and with his last breath he protested against Mohammed, and said, "I profess Jesus Christ, and for Him I die."

A Jury of Females.—In the year 1693 the body of a female was discovered in Newbury, under circumstances which rendered a Coroner's inquest desirable. A jury of twelve women was called, and a copy of their verdict has been preserved. As it is about as lucid and satisfactory as most modern verdicts, we copy it entire, in the quaint language of the period. It was as follows:

We judge according to our best light and contients, that the death of said Elizabeth, was not by any violent or wrong dun to her by any parson or thing, but by som sodin stoping of her breath.

☞ Mr. Macaulay tells us, in a book just published—his "Collected and Revised Speeches"—that his "History" is henceforth "the pleasure and the business of his life." Lord Brougham is [illegible] by giving up the last years of a most active [illegible] of various kinds.

☞ A Loan Society has been opened at Oxford, England, for the accommodation of under-graduates; the interest charged is only 80 per cent.

CARD FROM MISS BREMER—

EXPLANATORY, APOLOGETICAL, AND JUSTIFICATORY.

Under date of Stockholm, December 12th, 1853, Fredrika Bremer indites the following card to whomsoever it may concern. We are indebted for it, to the National Intelligencer.

A CARD.

Having obtained a copy of the English translation of my last work, "Homes of the New World," and having recently looked through some parts of it, I feel myself compelled to say a few words in reference to the same to my American readers.

Although I certainly deem the translation faithful and good on the whole, so far as I yet have seen, and in many parts even excellent, especially in the latter parts of the work, still there are in several places, and chiefly, as I think, in the first volume, misconceptions and mistakes as to words and meanings of the Swedish original, which must convey to the reader not acquainted with this, impressions equally far from my intention and unjust to the persons or cases concerned. The great difficulty in the translation of such a work, and the very unfavorable circumstances under which it was carried out, are enough to explain and excuse these mistakes. Still I owe to my friends and to myself to state that there are such. And as it is impossible to enumerate all particular cases, I can only say that if a reprint of the translation, with accurate corrections after the printed Swedish original, would take place, many a thing that now may justly give offence would entirely vanish or seem different. A few cases, just come under my eyes, I feel bound to name. For example, I find it said in the first letter from New York, about a lady as amiable as highly gifted, "she seemed to me a beautiful soul, but too angular to be happy." The Swedish word translated with angular is "Sakanslig," which means delicately sensitive. A little further on, in the relation of a visit on the Hudson to the excellent family H——— and of the acquaintance with the generally (even in Scandinavia) respected and beloved American author, Washington Irving, I see several strange misconceptions of words and meanings, which are far from agreeable. In the latter part of the first volume I observe, relating to the amiable old couple of Com. Poinsett, a whole passage which I am sorry to see there. That passage, (which, by-the-bye, does harm to nobody,) written under the influence of physical suffering and mental depression, and in the carelessness of familiar "laisser aller," it was agreed upon to leave out entirely from the printed work. *It is not to be found in the Swedish book.* How it has happened to be printed in the English one after the express understanding about it between myself and Mrs. Howitt, whose kind and generous mind was fully aware of its impropriety, is to me incomprehensible. And so are the remaining of two other passages of personal criticisms which I had particularly required to be omitted, as I had done it in my Swedish work. That great difficulties occur in commencing and working in harmony together in such matters for persons in far separated countries is clear; but as I cannot understand how these things have turned out so differently from what both Mrs. Howitt and myself had agreed upon, I can only say that so it is. And though I do not think that the mistakes complained of matter much, compared to the full and hearty appreciations of the persons concerned, faithfully given by the English translator, (as with the excellent old couple on the Pee Dee,) I cannot but heartily wish for a new edition of English translation carefully corrected after the Swedish original.

Meantime, may the spirit of love and good will in which the work is written, and which, as I think, is even generally evident in the translation, be also the leader of those that read it, and make them not hasty in condemning the author for meanings that may be meant otherwise! It may be that the kindest judgment here may prove the truest.

Having said this, and feeling myself, in what concerns the chief tenor of my work, in harmony with my best friends, both in Sweden and in America,* with my own conscience, and that pure light of heaven, which is the truest of critics, because it alone goes to the depths of the heart; and hearing, moreover, from many quarters around me, the expressions of glad surprise, of interest, love, and delight awakened for American homes, family life, men and women, by my descriptions of a people and country too often looked upon with unjust prejudice by the peoples of Europe, I cannot but feel myself unharmed by personal attacks, public or private, resulting from difference in opinions, misapprehensions or may be ill-will, in persons not good or not wise enough to pause to consider and investigate before judging. Secure in the purity of my intentions, and abiding a day which will show these in a more full light, I shall not apply to such addresses otherwise than by this note.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

Stockholm, Dec. 12, 1853.

* Only the death of Mr. Poinsett prevented my communicating to him my letter on the Pee Dee, and asking his permission to publish it, as I thought it possible that he might object to have some of his judgments on public matters and persons published during his life. He would not now, I am sure, as they may serve his country after his death, and so they all are alike honorable to him. He was a true and noble patriot, and a most delightful companion. The realms of politics, of history, and of nature were alike open to him, and his conversation was in all alike instructive. She (Mrs. Poinsett) was one of the kindest and most sweet-tempered of women; their home, a home of peace and comfort; their union so perfect as often to remind me of that old celebrated classic pair of ancient Greece, to whom the Gods of Olympus came as guests. And so I have said.

Clippings.

☞ Earn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be. Work, and see how well you will be. Work, and see how independent you will be. Work, and see how happy your family will be. Work, and see how religious you will be; for before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy.

☞ The preacher who lost sight of his subject, has ordered a telescope with double glasses, with a view to hunt it up.

☞ Many young ladies make fools of themselves by the looking glass, and many young men by the drinking glass.

☞ Don't hesitate; do something; go ahead; anything is better than stupid inactivity.

☞ Pius IX. is so corpulent, it is said, that he plays billiards every day, for the purpose of reducing his size. There are many not Catholics, who are willing to take the cue from his holiness.

☞ Attach thyself to truth, defend justice, rejoice in the beautiful. That which comes to thee with time, time will take away. That which is eternal will remain in the heart.—*Tegner.*

☞ There are certain epochs when, in art, simplicity is an audacious originality.—*Achilles Pourcelat.*

☞ A "kontributor" to an out West paper gets off the following sad thing:—

Love is a sad thing, Love is a dizziness,
Hindering a young man from tending to his business;
Some of the gals they get something odd in 'em,
And to soothe themselves they go to taking laudanum.

☞ "The *Ballad*" was the favorite dance of the Italians. This word, now used only to designate the words of a peculiar species of song, is derived from the Italian "*ballare*," to dance, and originally signified a dance accompanied by a chaunt. This dance was probably pantomimic, exhibiting the story of the accompanying verse by that expressive gesticulation in which the Italians of all ages have excelled.

☞ Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., was extremely delicate in all that concerned the care of her person; it was scarcely possible to find lawn or cambric sufficiently fine for her use. Cardinal Mazarin used to say that her punishment in purgatory would be her being obliged to sleep in Holland sheets!

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long;"
With me 'tis not exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.

☞ Pretty Good.—At the depot a few days ago, says the Groton Mercury, we noticed a fellow seated near the door of one of the ladies' apartments, with a few pounds of hair surrounding his mouth. A little boy passing the room with his parents, on seeing the object, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, mother, just see that man *with a cat in his mouth!*"

☞ Beautiful extract—helping a young woman out of a mud puddle.

☞ Interesting to Ladies.—A scientific hair-dresser in London, has discovered a wonderful new pomade, which he guarantees, "will prevent the bonnet falling off the head."

☞ General Wolfe overhearing a young officer say in a very familiar manner, "Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine together," replied, "I think you might say General Wolfe." "No," replied the subaltern, with happy presence of mind, "did you ever hear of General Achilles, or General Cæsar?"

☞ Mistrust the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.—*Lavater.*

☞ Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places.—*Shenstone.*

☞ The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends.—*Lavater.*

☞ Every judge in the state of Tennessee is a Son of Temperance.

☞ An Irish girl being inquired of respecting her mistress, who had gone to a water-cure establishment, replied that her ladyship had "gone to soak."

☞ It is good to make a jest, says old Thomas Fuller, but not to make a trade of jesting.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, ...	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett,
Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison
and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until further notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures," numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.

BY FANNY FERN.

Mrs. Southworth, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:

OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mr. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

ANOTHER GEM NUMBER.

We think the present number of the Post rather exceeds anything we ever before gave to our subscribers—proving, we hope, that we are fully up to the level of our high position, and alive to the claims of this very energetic and "progressive" age. Look at the following table of attractions:

An Original Sketch by Grace Greenwood.
An Original Sketch by Fanny Fern.
An Original Novelet (continued) by Emerson Bennett.
An Original Poem by Mrs. Denison.
An Original Novelet (continued) by Mrs. Southworth.

And we may add to the above, in our inside columns,

An Original Letter From Europe, by the Rev. Mr. Richmond.

Our readers, we trust, will see in the above list of attractions, an earnest of our determination to merit our immense subscription-list, by sparing no reasonable expense to add to the interest and variety of our columns—that the contents, as well as the circulation of the Post, shall distance all competition. Onward's the word!

Notice.—We learn that a number of the packages of the Post, of December 3rd, destined for Missouri, &c., were consumed in the mail car burnt on the railroad near Chicago. We regret that we cannot supply the loss, our edition of that date being entirely exhausted.

For the information of others, we may as well state here, that our editions of December 10th and 17th are also exhausted. Sorry enough, gentlemen; but really we cannot help it.

"The Cry is Still They Come."—So says Shakspeare—but with us, the *shout* is still they come. We think it no "crying" matter, to chronicle the receipt of about 7,000 more names, the product of another short week's receipts. Twenty-Three Thousand names in *three* weeks, or an average of over 1,000 for every day—Sundays inclusive! If any publisher in the country can beat that, he may "take our hat"—and boots, too; of course, not including the "seven-league ones," with which we got over the ground at such a prodigious rate. Really, it seems as if the whole population were taking us at our word; and being convinced by our demonstration some months since, that they all ultimately would have to subscribe, are hurrying in their names about as fast as two clerks can enrol them. Well, don't be discouraged in a good work, gentlemen. In the language of the immortal Bard,

"Come one, come all! leave us to welcome you!"

Alarming Progress of John Mitchell.—This Irish "patriot" has not been in the country much more than a month, and already he lays down the law, one column long, relative to the right and wrong of the Erie troubles! We bet we can puzzle John in one question. John, where is Erie?

☞ In Japan, if a man dies in office, deeply in debt, it is concealed, until the accumulation of his salary has paid his creditors—all things going on as if he were still alive. We wish some of those that owe us, would go to Japan, and die in office.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

In glancing recently over the columns of a London periodical, we came across an advertisement, that of a Tailor—styling his establishment "Dunn's Tailor's Labor Agency," which says:

"Free from all the ordinary trickery of trade, it deals with the Labor Question as with a Principle; sells at the lowest price, pays for the labor at the highest price; is conducted for a simple charge of 7½ per cent. on the amount paid in wages, and spends the remainder of its profits in advancing *the social position of its workmen; has already its own School, Baths, Library, and Lecture Room.*"

It strikes us that this dealing with the Labor question "as a Principle," is no new thing in the old world. Labor would much rather be dealt with as a Human Being. How Mr. Dunn manages to pay the "highest price for labor," and yet sell his clothing at the "lowest price," quite passes our comprehension. It seems he must make though over 7½ per cent.—or else there would be no "remainder of profits," to keep up the "School, Baths, Library, Lecture Room," &c.

The *truth* is, probably, that Mr. Dunn asks and receives a higher price than many others, on account of the disposition shown by him to mingle philanthropy with his business. For it is impossible—the world might as well make up its mind to this at once—both to pay high wages, and sell at the "lowest prices." You cannot, in this way, "serve both God and Mammon." So long as the mass of well-to-do people are determined to make their purchases at the lowest possible rates, it is all folly to exclaim against the oppression of factory operatives, sewing-women, &c. And yet how common it is, to see a man almost weeping over some account of women getting a mere pittance for their daily labor; and then go all around among the clothing establishments, to ascertain where he can get a coat, or a pair of pantaloons, the lowest.

The doctrine that it is right to buy where you can buy cheapest, and sell where you can sell dearest, without regard to the circumstances of those with whom you are dealing, is the very incarnation of selfishness and Mammonism. It makes trade and commerce a system of civil and foreign war—instead of being a kind and brotherly interchange of commodities, for mutual advantage. And just in proportion as this selfish rule of action is the governing principle of any densely crowded country, will destitution, vice and misery abound among its poorer inhabitants. For where the strength of the strong is used as a means of taking advantage of, instead of aiding, the feebleness of the weak, great suffering among the latter necessarily must result.

While we are upon this subject, however, we may be allowed to reiterate a conviction formerly expressed, that there is much said in condemnation of our large American cities, relative to the wages of the needle-women, which is not warranted by the facts of the case. Society is not necessarily responsible for all the vice and misery which are witnessed in its midst. The hasty course of reasoning which endeavors to prove that it is, would prove as clearly that the Creator was responsible for all the sin and suffering in the world. If even Hereafter has its Hell—much more may it be expected that this earthly existence, even under the most perfect arrangement of society, will also have its pandemoniums. We say this not to discourage efforts such as Mr. Pease and others recently have been making at the Five Points, New York; but in order that the Truth may be spoken, and the fair fame of Society vindicated from a charge, that only in part, can fairly be brought against it. Moreover, when it is found, as it probably will be, that, in spite of all such philanthropic efforts, Sin will still huddle in other Five Points, a right understanding of the subject is necessary, that Christian men and women may not be discouraged, as if either Christianity or our Present Social System were a failure. Why, did not Sin, and its necessary attendants, uncleanness and suffering, invade even the Garden of Eden, tenanted by our first parents, fresh, and without taint, from the creating hand of the Almighty? Was it a proof of His *bad social arrangements*, or of any defect in Paradise, that the fairest and perhaps most perfect of women, Eve, yielded to temptation, and fell? Aye, and before that, was it owing to any deficient social arrangements in Heaven, that Lucifer, son of the morning, rebelled against his Creator and his King, and drew after him one-third of the celestial hosts?

We say these things because the popular philanthropy is in danger of becoming false and maudlin. Daily we see apologies made or insinuated *for a loss of virtue on the part of women*, because of alleged deficient wages. And the effect of many of these apologies, is to sanction and encourage the weakness which leads to vice. Now we deny the truth and force of such apologies. There is no necessity for any young girl's yielding to temptation, in any of our great northern cities. We repeat it emphatically, there is not the slightest *necessity* for it. For *good* seamstresses, there is *abundance* of work, at good wages. Let any man ask his wife upon this point, and she will tell him with what difficulty she is able to get her sewing done. And as to *poor* seamstresses—young girls—there is any amount almost of domestic service as cooks, chambermaids, child's nurses, needed. The daily papers contain columns of advertisements; *for native* help, especially. The cities cannot get supplied—while as to the country, the demand is almost unlimited. Everybody knows this—but many would rather fall in with the unfounded complaints of a blind philanthropy, than look the facts full in the face, and "judge righteous judgment."

"But these young seamstresses do not like to go out to service." Ah, there it is. They are too proud. But what name shall we give a pride that would rather go to a house of corruption, than to help some respectable, overtasked mother in the cares of her household!

Yes, it is pride, a mean, ignoble and unworthy pride, which fills our houses of shame with their bedizened tenants. It is not to escape from starvation, but to escape from honest industry, that young girls flee to the shadow of perdition. It is from a love of silks and ribbons and golden gewgaws, and of a life of supposed ease, pleasure and luxury, that so many fall. From this, and from ill-regulated passions. It is not the poor wages—for a truly virtuous woman might be led by poverty to throw herself into the river, but not to forfeit her fair fame!

We have very little doubt that the statistics would fully prove all that we have asserted. We mean reliable statistics. Some of our very benevolent, but also very credulous people, take every word of a wanton's confession as gospel truth. But let the facts be ascertained from the testimony of others than the guilty parties—and we are convinced they will utterly disprove all those stories of starvation-prompted vice.

It is not long since we saw a statement from the Manager of one of the houses of correction in New York, that three out of four, if we remember rightly, of these fallen women, were led astray through that sin of Pride to which we have alluded.

We would not be uncharitable to the erring—but we would be just to society; and not allow deceitful excuses to take the place of honest repentance. We are not willing that the favorite notion of Fourier, that all sin and crime are the result of false social arrangements, should become incorporated into the prevailing modes of thought. Were an angel from Heaven to appear, and give us a form of society drawn up by infinite wisdom itself, sin, and its consequence, suffering, would still abound. And while there is sin, it is *better* that suffering should abound. We say it is better, because the Creator Himself has said so, in allowing pain and suffering in His world. In fact, it probably could not be ordered otherwise, and preserve the free-agency of man.

And, in the same way, the innocent must inevitably suffer in a degree with the guilty—the innocent child for its parent's fault. It probably *cannot* be ordered otherwise. The child receives the benefit of the good conduct of its parents; and it also receives the curse of the evil. That we should, as humane and Christian men, do all we can to assuage that curse clinging to the child of the evil-doer, is true; but much of it we are not able to remove. For we cannot feel authorized to separate the child from its parent's side, except in cases of very great aggravation—lest we do more injury than good, by violating the sacred tie of nature.

In cases of great sin and misery, however—duty to the children may require a separation from their parents, and an endeavor on the part of society to rear them under the influences of intelligence and virtue. And that even the parents may often be reached by Christian charity, and by Christian counsel, sympathy and encouragement, facts in all ages of the world have fully proved. Especially is it the duty of the Church, to see to it that these heathen in our midst, be sought out in the spirit of love; and that earnest and continued endeavors be made to redeem these fallen brothers and sisters. We would not discourage—on the contrary we would earnestly encourage—such movements, which are certainly well-pleasing in the sight of the All-Merciful. But, after all is done that man can do—and many still go astray, or cling to the corruption and misery of a vicious life—let not Society be blamed for a sin and suffering which even Heaven and the Garden of Eden were not exempt from;—which is not the result so much of any false social arrangements, or of any inability to live happily and cheerfully a frugal and industrious life—but the consequence of that same yielding to the voice of the serpent, which has overthrown so many of the most gifted, both in respect to intellect and worldly circumstances, of the sons and daughters of men.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

The indications of a general war in Europe, seem to grow stronger with the passage of time. Lord Palmerston has returned to the British Cabinet, which is looked upon as a proof that more decided measures are to be adopted by the allied Governments. The popular feeling in England is undeniably in favor of war—unless Russia recedes at once from her arrogant pretensions. Even Prince Albert—once so popular—is constantly attacked in the journals, because he is thought to favor the policy of Nicholas. The Prince is suspected of having abandoned his old system of neutrality, and of now endeavoring to exert a controlling influence in British politics.

The Shah of Persia has declared war against Turkey—some reports say also against Great Britain—and is moving with an army towards Affghanistan. Russia is said to have been employed for years past in stirring up the princes and tribes of Central Asia against Great Britain—in anticipation of a general war. If Britain nevertheless, does not hold her own in the East, it will be for the first time. As it is, however, affairs look badly for the allied Turks and Circassians—but the latter, especially, are used to dark days. A late account says that the Turkish troops have been ordered to retire from Russian Armenia.

From the Mongolian and other hordes of Central Asia, Russia is said to have the promise of some 200,000 irregular troops, mostly horsemen. This looks very formidable on paper; but those who remember how Murat, almost single-handed, used to scatter the Cossacks, in the great French invasion, will not be excessively alarmed by this report.

The London News says:

We have the best authority for stating that the Russian High Admiral having recently inspected the Czar's Baltic fleet, one half of the ships were at once condemned as worthless, and it was determined to build on contract a number of screw line of battle ships—one account says no less than thirty? We may possibly find some of these contracts taken in the Clyde, or the Thames, and may safely calculate upon a portion of the vessels being built by the Americans. But it will take at least two years to get so large a fleet fit for sea—even if the cash is forthcoming.

We hope no American ship-builder will be so lost to noble principles, as to take any such contract. As to the Czar's getting steamships out of the Clyde or Thames, the English Government doubtless will see to that.

There is a report from Vienna, that the Emperor Nicholas has, in a non-official communication to the courts of Berlin and Vienna, stated his determination not to agree to any proposals for peaceful negotiations, unless considerable concessions were made to Russia.—If this report be correct, and is not mere bravado, war is inevitable.

Austria, true to the instincts of her reigning house, shows strong signs of siding with the Czar if a general war should occur. Whereupon the London Times throws out significant hints relative to Italy and Hungary.

The royal family of Sweden is also believed to favor Russia—while the nation, true to its old traditions, is anti-Russian, it is said, almost to a man. Denmark and Sweden have been negotiating, it is reported, a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive; or, as a later account says, an armed league against their powerful neighbor.

As to the result of a general war, with Russia, Austria and Persia on one side, and England, France and Turkey on the other—the rest of Europe mainly favoring the latter powers—we hardly see how there can be more than one opinion. Still, we fervently hope that no such war may be necessary, for reasons urged by us at length after the disastrous issue of the revolutions of 1848. We hold, as a general principle, that war tends to render oppressed nations unfit for the enjoyment of free institutions. Even in this country, the officers and soldiers of the revolutionary army generally favored a stronger and more absolute form of government than the rest of the people thought at all necessary. War naturally tends to render men disposed to acquiesce in the government of titled dignitaries; it accustoms them to arbitrary power and a severe rule. It spreads the reign of poverty and ignorance—thus encourages theft and robbery, and seems to render a strong government necessary. It interferes with the education of the young, and the general spread of intelligence. In short, in a hundred ways, it retards that material and intellectual growth which is the almost necessary basis of free institutions.

Still, we do not condemn all resort to the sword as alike criminal and useless. War is always bad enough—but other things may be worse. And, in reference to the subject now before us, it seems to us it would be better that a general war should ensue, than that Russia should be allowed to trample upon the rights of Turkey, preparatory to an unjust absorption of that empire. We would justify no nation in rushing wantonly into a war—we would advise a resort to all Christian means of reconciling differences, and especially favor the system of arbitration—even some sacrifice of pride, and of a too nice sense of honor, we think is only befitting men who profess to be guided by the precepts and practice of the Saviour;—but, when naught will mollify criminal rapacity, or assuage an unholy indignation, but submission to the most insolent and infamous demands, we see no other resort than to appeal to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who so often has given the victory to the righteous few over the unrighteous many.

Miss Bremer's Card.—We call attention to Miss Bremer's card, in another column. Thinking highly, as we do, of Miss Bremer's book as a whole, we also think that in some places, her remarks pass the bounds of discretion and good breeding. We are glad that she is now disposed to vindicate herself, and glad that she succeeds in doing so—even if it be but partially.

Miss Bremer's card naturally has called forth her translator, Mrs. Howitt; who defends herself by saying that the translation was hastily made, from a closely-written manuscript. She also says the personality about Mr. and Mrs. Poinsett was inserted by some unaccountable blunder.

We know it was a very important matter to hurry out Miss Bremer's work, and its English translation, at the earliest possible moment—two worlds not being able to eat their dinners and attend to business, till it was read—and yet we think that perhaps a little less haste, and a little more consideration, would have saved both author and translator—to say nothing of certain of Miss Bremer's American entertainers—considerable uneasiness of mind.

Can it be True?—Can the following be true? and, if so, can it have any relation to a certain distinguished military gentleman, belonging to the editorial fraternity? If it be so, we can truly say that, in the course of twenty-five years, we have seen nothing like it. An exchange says:

In addition to the wonders of the Shanghai chickens, there is a report current in this county, that a candidate for (Gubernatorial) honors has a few of the breed which he kindly distributes to the lovers of fine fowls; they lay *five* eggs a day, and there is "plainly visible upon each egg, like water marks upon paper," "*vote for the giver.*" We cannot vouch for the story; indeed a portion of it we are satisfied is false, they do not lay *five* eggs a day, it is only *three*.

Enlargement.—We are pleased to see that our near neighbor, the North American of this city, not only has enlarged its borders, but come out in a new and handsome suit of black. The proprietors blew their trumpet on the occasion, in the most modest and decorous manner. We wish them all the success which their devotion to the true interests of Philadelphia—in disregard of the traces of party—so well merits. By the way, we do not know but that we could say a favorable word relative to the claims of Mr. McMichael for Governor—only we fear it might be taken as a cause of fresh offence, by another distinguished editorial candidate for that exalted station.

The Erie Troubles.—We see it stated that the following compromise has been agreed upon between the borough of Erie and the Railroad Company:—

That the Railroad Company be allowed to lay down a 4 feet 10 inch track to French Street—that nothing be done toward erecting bridges across French and State Streets until after the next election of Board of Directors, and then not till after 15 days' notice.

French Benevolent Society.—We are indebted to this society for tickets to their Seventh Annual Ball, which will come off at the Musical Fund Hall, on Thursday, the 26th. From the names of the Managers and Committee of Arrangements, we have no doubt that the affair will be a very brilliant one.

Sierra Leone.—From late investigations of a Grand Jury at this British African colony, it seems that the slave trade has been carried on by some of the leading inhabitants for more than twenty years—while slavery has existed in the colony and its dependencies from "time immemorial."

Major Freas and the Telegraph Again.—Our military contemporary, in the last Telegraph—which we hope will never degenerate into a mere Tel-le-graph—publishes an editorial, of which the following contains the substance:—

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson, having gone out of their way, to assail us personally, in the most offensive manner, now complain of us, because, in our own defence, we have simply printed what other people say of their treatment of the country press. Their argument of justification, in asking of a brother publisher $12 worth of advertising for $2, and for which they would probably demand $15, and the cash at that, in *their* paper, is a mere begging of the question, and adds to, rather than diminishes, the illiberal character of the transaction. * * * *

These gentlemen seem to take it a good deal to heart, that they should be charged with *chiseling* their cotemporaries out of the price of advertising; but we submit it to every respectable publisher of Philadelphia, whether an attempt to obtain *twelve* dollars' worth of advertising *for two* dollars, in the face of the printed rates, is not *an effort* at chiseling? *If nay, then it must be gouging.*

Taking things in their order, it will be observed that the Major charges us, in the first place, with having "*gone out of our way*, to assail him personally, *in the most offensive manner.*"

Now, what are the *facts* of the case. We, in common with many others of the city press, had published a card, stating that any country paper, which would either copy our Prospectus, or insert a business notice of the Post in its editorial columns, should be *entitled* to an exchange. Reserving to ourselves the right to exchange, or not, in other cases where it was desired, according as we thought proper. Now the editor of the Telegraph, not satisfied with managing his own business, according to the dictates of his best judgment, went out of *his* way to advise the country press not to publish the Prospectuses of the city papers. And the article we refer to, was by no means the first of its kind.

We do not mean to find the least fault with the Major for the gratuitous expression of opinion referred to; we *only* bring it forward to show that we were not the assailing party in this controversy. If the Major had paid due deference to a proverb which some have called the Eleventh Commandment, and confined his attention to that business which he has managed so discreetly for the space of twenty-five years, the very portentous and amusing discussion in which we are at present engaged, would never have arisen. Neither, perhaps, would it have arisen, as it was, had not the Major laid himself open so completely to criticism, by first denouncing the arrogance, &c., of the city press, and then threatening to strike any country paper from his exchange list, which complied with the city offers referred to. This was too much for our love of fun to withstand; and so we sat down and penned the following:

Somewhat Dictatorial.—Our estimable contemporary and neighbor, Major Freas, of the Germantown Telegraph, in the course of a recent article, threatens to "strike from his exchange list"—which, in the opinion of most Germantown people, is the next thing to annihilation—every country paper which does not agree with him in certain ideas of what is just and dignified in their dealings with their city brethren.

We fear that the Major is growing somewhat arrogant, since he took one of the prizes for Shanghai chickens, and was nominated for Governor by the "City Item"—all in the same week, we believe.

If such be the consequence of a mere *nomination* for Governor, we tremble for our country, as Jefferson says, when we think of the possibility of the Major's *election*. We fear no house in Harrisburg would hold him, and that a mansion would have to be constructed of enlarged dimensions expressly for the new Governor. The Major, we believe, has all along advocated the building of such a mansion—and now "the cat is out of the bag," the reason for so doing being very evident.

Now the above piece of pleasantry,—good-humored, if we know the meaning of the words—is what the Major terms, assailing him in the "*most offensive manner.*" Really, for a gentleman who has been "connected for 25 years with the press"—and is rather unusually given to passing jokes on other people—the Major is uncommonly thin-skinned. Probably he belongs to that class of humorists, who are very good at giving jokes, but very bad at taking them. We act only the part of a friend, in endeavoring to cure him of that infirmity.

But we must pass *rapidly* on to the Telegraph's other charge. The Major, being a military man, takes the liberty of changing front upon the charge that we are disposed to "chisel"—as he elegantly expresses it—our contemporaries. He says he "submits it to every respectable publisher, whether an attempt to obtain *twelve* dollars' worth of advertising for *two*, in the face of the printed rates, is not an effort at chiseling?"

Now while we are very free to denominate any charge of unfair dealing brought against the publishers of the Post—especially a charge that we do not comply with our advertising contracts—a malicious falsehood; we do not take very serious offence at the above charge of "chiselling," explained as it is by the editor of the Telegraph. We see no impropriety in offering *two* dollars for what another asserts is worth *twelve*, if we think that our offer is the true value of the thing we are bargaining for. Granting that we would ask $15 for inserting a certain advertisement in the Post, does it necessarily follow that we are acting in the least unfairly, in offering another paper only $2 for inserting it? Let us illustrate.

An advertisement is valuable in proportion to the circulation of the paper which inserts it, other things being equal. Now, we print of the Post about 84,000 weekly. The circulation of the Telegraph is probably from 3,000 to 4,000—as we do not wish to fall below the mark, we will even say 5,000. Now, if we, issuing 84,000 impressions of an advertisement weekly, ask $15 for so doing; what should the "Telegraph" ask for issuing its 5,000 impressions?

Doubtless the Major, by a recourse to his old Pike's Arithmetic, and a liberal use of slate and pencil, to say nothing of the "midnight oil," will be able to answer the above question by the time another week has elapsed. We think he will have a difficulty in stretching the answer above $1,00—though he cipher and "rub out," until his mouth is as dry as another Major's—the famous Jack Downing—was upon a somewhat similar occasion.

In view, therefore, of the above result, we confess we are astonished at our own generosity and magnanimity! Many of the papers to which we offered the $2, have only from one to three thousand subscribers. Verily, we seem to be the "chiselled" party, the "gouged" party—to use the elegant expressions of the editor of the Telegraph, probably picked up some time during his long and arduous editorial service of twenty-five years.

We hope, in conclusion, that this courteous explanation of the little differences between us, will be perfectly satisfactory to Major Freas.—We are disposed to look up to him with all that veneration which his long, arduous and useful connection with the press would naturally inspire. Besides, we also are a Germantowner—and therefore a loyal subject of the Telegraph and Major Freas. When we retire from editorial life, to the shade of our own noble forest trees, we expect to subscribe to the Telegraph, and listen weekly to the sage teachings on agricultural and borough matters of its venerable head. And, therefore, we feel doubly solicitous that it should preserve the character it has heretofore maintained, for courtesy, propriety and truthfulness.

Worth Considering.—The Ledger recommends that the present system of numbering houses should be altered as follows:

Begin numbering with 100 at Front Street, with 200 at Second Street, with 300 at Third Street, with 400 at Fourth Street, and so continue westward, making the first number in every block to correspond with the number of the street which forms its eastern boundary. By this system of numbering, a person on receiving a direction, will know instantly in what square to look for the house. Suppose, for example, a stranger on inquiring for a store, is told that it is No. 308 Market Street, he needs nothing more to be sure that it is between Third and Fourth Streets, and on the south side, as the number is even.

The above, at a first glance, looks like a capital idea. The Ledger further recommends that our streets running east and west should be named in order from Market Street, as follows:—First North Avenue, Second North Avenue, &c.; First South Avenue, Second South Avenue, &c.; and of course the same system of numbering applied to them also. Intensely prosaic this way of naming streets, but very convenient. It is like putting a whole town into Quaker coats.

The Proposed Monument to Franklin.—The following is from an article in an English periodical, opposing the proposed monument to Prince Albert:

When the great Howard, the philanthropist, then in Sweden, heard that there was a subscription being got up to erect a monument to his name (nearly £2,000 had been already put down), he remarked "Have not I one friend in England that would put a stop to such a proceeding?" In consequence of two letters from Mr. Howard himself to the subscribers, the design was laid aside.

If the spirit of Franklin has any knowledge of what transpires upon this terrestrial globe, doubtless it has often exclaimed, with Howard, "Have I not one friend in America that will try to put a stop to such a foolish proceeding—so inconsistent with all my precepts and practice, when on earth; and so opposed to the directions of my Will?"

The Wreck of the San Francisco.—Our readers will find in our general news, a condensed account of the wreck of this noble vessel. The primary material cause of all this loss and suffering, is said to have been the breaking of the [illegible] to the air pump—[illegible] portion of the machinery, about 11 [illegible]. This occurred in the midst of a furious storm; the machinery becoming [illegible], the vessel refused to obey her helm, and swung into the trough of the sea, presenting her sides to the fury of the tempest. One wave then seems to have done most of the damage; striking her with prodigious force, tearing up the decks, and carrying off the guards and upper cabin, with nearly 160 persons. Among this number was Col. J. M. Washington, whose battery at Buena Vista did such terrible execution. This in 36 hours after leaving New York, the San Francisco lay a hopeless wreck upon the waters.

Continued exertion then became necessary to keep the vessel afloat. And to this unremitted toil, and the accompanying cold, wet and anxiety, may be imputed the setting-in of a disease very much resembling the cholera. "Many heart-rending scenes occurred. One corporal, with his wife and two children, all died in two days. The husband died first, and the mother was afterwards found dead in her state-room, with a living child on her bosom, and a sister by her side, insensible from exhaustion."

To the horrors of the stormy winds and waves—the latter sweeping over the deck madly like so many huge sea-monsters, in search of their prey—was added the additional terror of fire. Repeatedly the vessel was in flames—but as often this danger was averted; the constant deluge of water doubtless doing good service at these emergencies.

We read that, in the first great burst of the waves, Sergeant Brown, Messrs. Tenney, Stockwell, F. H. Southworth, and Rankin, and one lady, Miss Bolton, were washed overboard, but "were enabled to regain their position by the return of the waters which bore them away. Sergeant Brown was washed off no less than four times. The first wave swept him away twenty feet, and the next bore him back."

It is thought by some that builders are now-a-days, in constructing their vessels too stiff—not allowing sufficient play to the timbers. How this may be we know not. It is further stated that the San Francisco was too deeply laden to mind her helm well.

We are pleased to see that the merchants of New York have held a meeting, and passed resolutions "expressing the sense entertained of the generous and heroic conduct of the captains of the ships Three Bells and Antarctic, and bark Kilby, and providing that a piece of plate should be presented to each as a testimonial of their magnanimous conduct. It was also resolved that a petition be presented to Congress, asking that the losses on insurance by the commanders and owners of these vessels may be indemnified by the Government." We trust that Congress will do what is here requested. Such noble acts should not be allowed to pass without due meed of praise and recompense. The Governors of Nations are ready enough to honor and reward the destroyers of life, let them be equally ready with their thanks and gifts to its generous preservers.

Resolutions, we notice, have been already introduced into both Houses, expressive of the estimation of the country for the gallantry of the Captains of the Three Bells, Kilby and Antarctic.

Education in South Carolina.—We see a statement, taken from one of the southern papers, that Mr. Taber has published a card to the effect that the report of his speech at the South Carolina College, did not do him justice—that "he holds no such opinion as that the state should educate a particular class, to the exclusion of others; but he believes it to be especially the duty of a free government to instruct the citizen, simply because he is a citizen, irrespective of his social position. His comments upon the common-school system were not directed against popular education, but simply against the New England system, which he believes to be faulty, in the hope that his poor efforts might contribute to a thorough examination of the subject, so that S. Carolina in adopting a system for her sons, might select what was good, and avoid what was evil."

If we had seen the above correction, of course we should not have published our article of last week upon the subject. We desire to misrepresent no man. We incline to think that Mr. Taber spoke a little too fast at the College meeting—and uttered sentiments which he found upon reflection, were a little in the rear of even his own deliberate opinions.

Mr. Taber pleads guilty, we believe, to making certain illiberal and ridiculous remarks about the north, upon which the editor of the Patriot thus nobly comments:—

In order to show the mischief of education among the masses, he appealed to the northern states! Surely, Mr. Taber has never been in the northern states. * * * * They have more wealth in the northern states, more education, more literature, more republicanism, and more religion, with much greater improvement and progress in everything, than we have at the south, Mr. Taber to the contrary notwithstanding. And, in my opinion, it is owing mainly to the education of the people."

The magnanimity shown in the above, convinces us that Mr. Perry, the editor of the Patriot, belongs to the true chivalry of the South. We must be allowed, however, to remark that there are two good things at the South, which they apparently have in greater proportion than their brethren of the North—we mean moral courage and manliness.

Painful Rumor.—It was rumored at Paris on the 29th, that Mr. Soule, the U. S. Minister at Madrid, fought a third duel with the Duke of Alba and was killed. This, however, wants confirmation.

From an account of this difficulty, by Mr. F. Gaillardet, a friend of the elder Soule, we learn that it was Margaret of Burgundy to whom Mrs. Soule was compared—and not Mary of Burgundy, as some have stated. Also that young Soule, and the Duke of Alba, fought for thirty minutes without a wound, and then parted after shaking hands—the seconds declaring that all was done according to Gunter, to appease wounded honor, &c., &c. The Duke previously had apologized—but some meddlesome fellow-countrymen interfering, he was induced to withdraw his apology.

Perham's Gift Lottery.—A subscriber wishes information relative to this gambling scheme in New York. We are pleased to inform him that the proprietors have been arrested and held to bail at the suit of the Governors of the Almshouse, for a violation of the law against lotteries. We have little doubt, if the judges do their duty, that the whole affair will be pronounced contrary to law. These gift lotteries are a direct product of the lottery distributions of the Art Unions—and to see people take part in the latter, and denounce either the former, or the regular money lotteries, is a lamentable proof of the inconsistency of poor human nature.

Important if True.—The late foreign news says, that the Porte has consented to accept the last note of the Vienna Conference—if Russia refuses this, *the Four Powers will commence active hostilities.* And that the Russians had made an attempt to set fire to the allied fleet at the entrance of the Bosphorus. A fireship was sent towards them, but was discovered from the forts and stopped by artillery.

Little Ferns.—We learn that this volume of Fanny Fern's, was stereotyped, engraved and published in England, in 23 days after the specimen copy reached there. Who says John Bull drives a slow coach?

New Publications.

Dovecote; or, The Heart of the Homestead. By the Author of "Cap Sheaf." Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. *For sale by* T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A charming title—Ik. Marvel himself could ask no better nucleus around which to gather his exquisite fancies, but in the happy choice of a name the writer's genius seems exhausted. Those who can discern true worth in a book, will find none in this, as its good points are imitations, and may be found much better expressed elsewhere. However, as we happen to know that there are readers whose taste it exactly suits, we let it pass for a book.

Home Scenes and Home Sounds; or, The World from my Window. By H. Marion Stephens. Boston: Fetridge & Co. *For sale by* Getz & Buck, Philadelphia.

In this volume are tales, poems and sketches, indicating uncommon talent, a rich mind and heart, an affluent nature, but as yet too undisciplined to write what is always profitable to read.

The girls are all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's not one true in seven.

☞ The hog stock on the farms of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois and Iowa, is estimated to amount to nine millions of hogs.

☞ The Great Reformer of the Age.—To-morrow.

Our Correspondents

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND.

The "Ecstasy and Stigmata" of St. Francis—The "Ecstatic" Maria Von Morll—The Franciscans, and Refusal of Father Jeremy—The Policy and History of the Miracle—[illegible].

My Dear C———:—I lately gave you some account of a singular Tyrolese superstition, which you and I supposed confined to the age of St. Francis of Assisi, who is often represented in an agony of devotion, receiving the stigmata, or the five sacred wounds from the person of our Blessed Lord. We have become so accustomed to the representations of our Saviour, in the air, with rays of light proceeding from each of the wounds to the hands, feet and side of St. Francis, that we regard the paintings merely as works of art, and the subject as a bygone superstition. Or, at the most, we might have been willing to allow to the darkness of the 13th century this singular tribute to the genius, zeal and devotion of the man whose fire first kindled a corresponding fervor in the heart of Italy, and aroused the slumbering genius of her painters and poets from Perugia to Calabria and the Alps, until all Europe caught the illumination, whose beams, like a new-risen sun, penetrated the darkness and clouds of the middle ages, and now shine over the civilized world. In the true spirit of their time, and in the fondness of their adoration for the saintly hero, whose pious conquests were almost coextensive with Christendom, the men of that age were even bold enough to see in St. Francis,—a thought which I hardly dare even to express!—a second advent of the crucified Galilean and triumphant Lord of Earth and Heaven! Even the catholic spirit of the great poet of his age, and one of the brightest lights of the rising day, and indeed of all time, was so far influenced by the far-reaching and almost wonder-working activity of the Christian hero, that in a daring but beautiful flight of imagination, he has represented St. Francis as solemnly taking Poverty to be his bride, who had wandered twelve centuries without a suitor, forlorn, outcast and widowed, since the time of her first Heavenly Bridegroom! And the pencil of Giotto has left us a delightful embodiment of the conception of Dante.

But what shall we say to the fact that this fond superstition of the middle ages, bereft of everything that made it attractive by its novelty, heroic in its subject, and poetical in its representation, still exists in all its naked deformity in what we call our enlightened age, and is as familiar to the men of the hills and valleys where I write, as any other stale and worn-out daily occurrence? Nay, it has been now sustained for more than a quarter of a century by the influence of the priesthood, and the support of the government of a great empire! Much was said and written about the exposition of the sacred coat at Trèves; but even that disgraceful comedy can scarcely be compared in wickedness and audacity to the hypocritical and theatrical show which has here, for the last twenty-seven years, been played before the eyes of a too-confiding people, until at last it has rendered many of them also hypocrites; and they are learning to look upon the worn-out phenomenon with outward reverence and inward contempt. But in the meanwhile, the beautiful fabric of their Faith in Christianity and its ministers, goes to the ground with these miserable outworks of superstition. The Franciscan fathers of Kaltern have dared to incorporate the last "ecstatic maid" of Tyrol with the very church itself; and the dwelling of Maria von Morll has been for many years a portion of the sacred edifice, as though they were content that the church itself, and their blasphemous addition, should stand or fall together! That side of the dwelling of this mesmerized saint which looks towards the rising of the sun, is formed by the wall of the church, and here through a window the Ecstatic can look into the Presbyterium, and assist at the mass; but she cannot be seen by the people from below, in the body of the church. When we are all dead, and some Pius XVIII. shall have canonized this diseased woman, future travellers will be admitted to the sacred cell of the new living miracle, and the future invocated St. Maria von Morll. Meantime she has an easy, though somewhat monotonous life, receiving, by order of the government, from an institution here called the *Stift*, the sum of 400 florins in a country where 1,000 is considered sufficient for the handsome maintenance of respectable officials and their families. When the ex-Emperor visited Kaltern, he drove to the Franciscan Convent, where he was graciously received by the well-known Capistran, father confessor of the ecstatic Maria.

On my arrival at Kaltern, I inquired my way to the convent, and ringing the bell, whose handle is a wooden cross, I was told by the lay brother, who opened the door, that "Pater Capistran" was absent from the village, but that "Pater Jeremias," who occupied his office meanwhile, would soon return to the convent, as 6, P. M. was the hour for supper. I awaited the arrival of the latter, who soon appeared in his brown robes, with the rope girdle, swinging his broad straw hat in his hand. I accosted him with reverent politeness, and showing him the names of several friendly priests, who had advised me by no means to lose the opportunity of beholding this living miracle, informed him of the purpose of my visit to the village. There were still more than two hours of light, but he said it would be impossible for me to see her that day. I then asked if I could see her in the morning; he replied, "For a moment; but you will lose all the opportunities of pursuing your journey before the heat of the day." I told him I was prepared to make the sacrifice. He then refused to promise me that I should see her at all, but said he would ask her "to pray for me, that I might be converted to the Faith;" for I had told him that I was a Catholic, but not Roman. I then said that it was evident he did not wish me to see her; that he did not dare to permit me to see her; that I had not met a single stupid peasant for miles around, who had not enjoyed the privilege which was now refused to an inquiring traveller; and that as to the prayers of "the ecstatic," or his own, nothing could be more evident than that the sight of a miracle would operate powerfully towards my "conversion to the true Faith;" and if he refused to me what was granted to every maid-servant in the village and surrounding country, I must be permitted to say that I could not set a high value on his prayers, or those of "the ecstatic," for me, but would prefer to dispense with both. I also assured him that if the mysterious appearance were indeed a work of Heaven, it was permitted in our time as a gracious revelation to mortals, and therefore to me; and that this was so self-evident a proposition, he must allow me to say I could not believe he had any real faith in the matter himself, but was afraid to submit such a budget of hypocrisy and deceit, to the test of the eyes of a candid observer, whose faith was firm in Christ, and who had not a doubt of the miracles of the New Testament, whatever he might think of the daily wonders on the hills of Tyrol. He replied, "Doubtless such appearances are unknown to your Faith;" and to this I answered, "Most undoubtedly they are, for which I am thankful." Thus Pater Jeremias and I parted. Last summer permission was also refused to Prince Poniatowsky. I ought to add, that in the opinion of some of the villagers, Father Capistran would have been more polite, while an educated gentleman, who is familiar with the whole matter, assured me that "he would have been wiser." I should also say that there are no doubt many open, as well as secret unbelievers in the "Ecstacy," among the priesthood and the educated classes; and on the whole I am inclined to believe the matter has become too stale to have much influence over the people, and that Maria will conclude the list of the "ecstatic maids." I am informed that the last Bishop of Trent, in whose diocese Kaltern lies, having visited the convent, refused to dine there, and departed with this significant declaration to the Franciscan fathers, "Gentlemen, disease is not holiness, nor is holiness a disease."

You may have observed one or two points in which the account of this phenomenon, as I received it from the mouth of the people, differs slightly from the information obtained upon the spot. The votaries of a superstition are always inclined to heap up wonders, and thus it is commonly believed that Maria now exists without eating, that the wounds in her hands and feet bleed afresh on Fridays, and especially upon Good Friday, during the hours of the crucifixion, from noon till three o'clock; that the blood from her wounds runs up as well as downwards, which of itself is counted a fresh miracle; that the wounds in her hands pass entirely from one side to the other, so that people affirm they have looked through them; and many more similar follies, too numerous to repeat.

I will now add some particulars received from a person fully competent, by position, peculiar education, long residence on the spot, and repeated opportunities of scientific investigation, to give an opinion founded on facts. This gentleman, who would become the subject of persecution if his name were given, has taken much pains, and expended time and money in unravelling the mystery connected with three of the "ecstatic maids;" for he justly observes that we have now no St. Francis, but the ecstasy always appears in young women.

He says Maria is about forty years old, of a noble but somewhat decayed family, and of Spanish origin on the mother's side. Three of her sisters died as nuns, and one of her brothers studied for the priesthood, but had not brains enough for that office, which here requires a very small expenditure of intellect. About twenty-seven years ago, or in her thirteenth or fourteenth year, Maria was often found, by the sexton of the church, very early in the morning, kneeling before the church, or lying in hysteric fits before the door. She was believed to be possessed by the devil, and Pater Capistran, as Father Confessor to the family, obtained ecclesiastical permission to drive out the foul fiend; and lo! a good spirit has taken possession of the empty tenement! the industrious father has used the occasion so well that he has obtained a very powerful covert influence in high quarters, and is feared as well as reverenced by the people. The four hotels of Kaltern, a small village, and once but little visited, have done a good business for many years, which, however, has decreased of late, with the declining concourse of pilgrims. "You, yourself," said the gentleman, "afford an example of the benefit which may flow into a remote place, from the cultivation of such a wonder.—You have your contribution at the hotel, which indirectly assists in sustaining the village, while instead of the daily monotony, I have the pleasure of an evening in your society." Of course I was not proof against so complimentary an appeal; and was further informed that in *Fleims Thal*, a remote frontier of Val d'Avisio, a village had actually grown out of the visits of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to one of the ecstatics, who lived at the end of a deep valley, and could only be reached after a laborious ascent of five hours. But the difficulty increased the merit. Clouted shoes and coronets traversed the valley, empresses were seen where countesses had been a wonder, and handsome hotels grew up under the genial influence of the golden tides that set up the valley, till the wonderful damsel died, and empty houses remain as the monument of the departed saint. When last seen by my informant, the Kaltern "ecstatic" was in excellent health, the clay dwelling having suffered very little from the repeated visits of the spirit to the heavenly worlds. The people who actually look at her with their own eyes, think the wounds pass through her hands, yet the skin is not wounded, the impression resembling the mark of some instrument shaped like an arrow. Her hands are usually folded, but occasional glimpses of the blood in the palms reminded my friend of a drop of sealing wax. On Friday, from two to three, P. M., she folds her hands, raises her eyes, and with lips apart, looks upward, as though she beheld some vision beyond the ceiling. The common people see no motion, but an accurate observer detects a sudden movement of the eyelids, and when she has a cold, she coughs and swallows with that peculiar effort of a person in a constrained position. These and other outward signs, belong rather to a person playing a difficult part, than to one truly unconscious and entranced.

But something still more remarkable and conclusive occurred in the case of Dominica Lazari, of whom I before spoke, in the Val d'Avisio.—My informant went to visit her on the morning of Good Friday, when she was said to bleed afresh, not only from those five wounds, bu from thirty-two others in her forehead an head, like punctures made by a crown of thorns. Her head being bandaged, these were not vi ble. The others, which were black on the previous evening, were now of a bright scarlet hu and the appearances such as might be produce by a small brush dipped in the blood of so animal, and drawn over the skin. A pri whose name I have, was present. After attempt to obtain information upon some poi the gentleman took his hat, made the us compliments, and appeared to retire; but stead of doing so, he slipped unobserved behi the curtains, leaving Dominica apparently al with the priest. The first words of the beauti saint (and she was once wonderfully beauti and that is her great misfortune,) which I give the English, with the alteration of the i cised word, which conceals the source of information, but without changing the se were these: "See what a d—l of a man wanted to know everything, but I told him thing at all; I concealed everything from him presume I might now dismiss the pious Domi with the words of the person who thought h self authorized to employ unusual means to mask unusual hypocrisy. Stepping from concealment, he confronted and addressed "Dominica, I have spent much time and ney for you; and once even I asked yo pray for me. Do it no more. Now I you. Farewell!" Should the priest, wh now in another part of the country, disclose name of my informant, he will at least add testimony to the truth of the narrative. T eventful disclosure was made at half-past s A. M., Good Friday, 1844.

I will now close this perhaps too long count of a fearful superstition and a wicked posture, with the translation of two little ca which I have found scattered like tracts for edification of the people. The first relates our pretty patient above, and runs thus:

"Christian Remembrance of that blessed fessor, and truly crucified maiden, Dominica zari, at Capriano, in the Fleims Valley, who born there, March 15th, 1815, and Apr 1848, as she for some time before had exp declared, fell asleep in the Lord, after re ing the last holy sacrament. For about years, she lay constantly upon her bed of verty and pain, as upon a cross, covered blood, and a true image of the Crucified, w and without. Her once beautiful and bloo person, withered up by degrees to the size little child, so she ever remained a chi spirit, by her humble simplicity, innoc virginity and charity. Her last words 'Father forgive them, for they know not they do.'

"These she often after repeated with gr devotion, and wept tears of blood for the ners and the sins of our times. At last, spread out her hands, which at other times always folded, and said, as she died, 'Fa into Thy hands I commend my spirit!'"

This might be sufficient; but I will give other, and then leave the whole narrativ facts to your own meditations, on the cau such spiritual monstrosity, by which the p have here made themselves the servants Holy Lie.

"Christian Remembrance of the pious den, Ursula Mohr, born at Eppan, St. Mic January 17th, 1819. She lived like an an the flesh, until she was 14, and then was by her Heavenly Bridegroom with many sorrows, and lay constantly for ten years a bed of pain, occupied *only* (sic!) with ers, and the contemplation of Heavenly t but at the same time, cared for everythin concerned the temporal welfare of herse her three unmarried sisters! As her body sumed, her heart panted, full of longing f departure to her Heavenly Bridegroom strengthened by the last holy sacrament fell asleep, softly, in the Lord, going out weak little taper, with the words—'Oh, light! oh, give me eternal light!' at 10 evening, April 4th, 1846. May she peace! Amen!"

Pardon me for trespassing so long; but circumstances in our time seemed suffi remarkable to yours, truly, RICHM

The Authoress of the "Scottish C—Sir Martin Shee, the President of the Academy, who painted her portrait, declared that Jane Porter was the mo [illegible] woman in the world—yet, with beauty, and a fascination and absolute of air that would have given her any ra name she could have been willing to gr wife, she died unmarried at the age of constant to the memory of a soldier love in battle when she was eighteen. This authoress of the "Scottish Chiefs," and deus of Warsaw," and out of those vol enchantment might be picked, perhap otherwise untold history of the heart writer.

Advertising.—In one of the prov Solomon, says the New Bedford M we find the most comprehensive and tory exposition of the philosophy of adver as well as of charity, that was ever, or co written, viz.:

"There is that scattereth and yet incr and there is that withholdeth more than but it tendeth to poverty."

And the words of Paul to the Cori aptly express the same idea:

"He who soweth sparingly shall re sparingly; and he who soweth bountifully reap also bountifully."

☞ Falcourt's "History of Madag contains the following sublime prayer be used by the people we call sava "O, Eternal, have mercy upon me, be am passing away. O, Infinite, because weak. O, Sovereign of Life, because nigh to the grave. O, Omniscient, be am in darkness. O, All Bounteous, be am poor. O, All Sufficient, because nothing."

☞ It is said that fifty thousand co Colonel Benton's "Thirty Years in t nate" have been subscribed for, in adv its publication.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 9th, Mr. Chase presented the proceedings of a public meeting held in Cincinnati, in relation to the interruption of the mails at Erie, Pennsylvania. Referred to the Post-Office Committee. Also, the petition of members of the bar of Cincinnati, in favor of dividing Ohio into two judicial districts.

Mr. Badger introduced a bill allowing a credit for a limited time on duties on railroad iron imported into the United States. Referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. Bright introduced a bill to establish a Court for the examination of claims against the United States.

Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, introduced a bill for the satisfaction of the claims of the creditors of Texas, embraced within the provisions of the Act of 1850.

Mr. Bayard introduced a bill to provide for the executing of public printing, engraving and binding. The bill provides for the appointment of Superintendents of Printing, Engraving and Binding, and the employment by them of compositors, engravers and binders to do the work, thus creating a government printing establishment, &c.

Mr. Mallory introduced a bill granting land to Florida for railroads therein.

Mr. Hamlin reported in favor of the printing of 10,000 copies of a report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey. Adopted.

Mr. Mallory introduced a bill establishing a Marine Hospital at St. Marks, Florida.

Mr. Benjamin submitted a resolution requesting the President to communicate all the correspondence with Mexico, relative to the right of way across Tehuantepec; and also all information of the action by Mexico, or of any proposed Convention

Mr. Bissell said that though the census might be full of errors, it was as correct as any similar document heretofore or hereafter to be published. He wished the information it contains to be brought to the level of the comprehensive mass throughout the country, and therefore favored the pending amendment.

The amendment was agreed to—yeas 114; nays 64.

The resolution was amended.

Mr. Houston, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported back, with amendments, the Senate bill in relation to the mode of paying Senators. The amendments make the accounts auditable at the Treasury Department, instead of by a Committee of the Senate.

On the 13th, Mr. Latham, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill extending until March, 1855, the act to ascertain and settle private land claims in California. He said the commission was appointed in the spring of 1851, but was not organized till January, 1852. Between eight and nine hundred claims have been filed, embracing a million acres of land in California. The commission have disposed of about three hundred cases, and about two hundred cases have been argued and submitted to the Board, but remain undecided. It was desirable that the bill should be passed at once, to prevent loss to the Government and to claimants. The bill was then passed.

Mr. Cobb, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported back the Homestead Bill, with an amendment. Referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Cutting, from the Committee on the Judiciary, to which the subject was referred, reported a bill providing that persons heretofore born, or who may hereafter be born, out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, whose fathers were, or who shall be, at the time of their birth, citizens of the United States, shall be deemed and considered, and are hereby declared to be, citizens of the United States; provided, however, that the rights of the citizenship shall not descend to persons whose fathers never resided in the United States. The second section reads, that any woman married or who shall be married to a citizen of the United States, shall be deemed and taken to be a citizen.

The bill passed under the operation of the previous question.

Mr. Ewing, in Committee of the Whole, delivered a speech against the imposition of tonnage duties, as suggested by the President's Message, and heretofore advocated in a speech by Senator Douglass. He then proceeded to show that such a system was not only unconstitutional, but an innovation, and imposed an unjust and intolerable system of taxation. If it were proper, he should say Mr. Douglass had almost committed moral treason when he came forward to recommend such unjust burdens as would be imposed by the measure, at which the West would revolt.

Mr. Keitt obtained the floor, but as he was not

NEWS ITEMS.

The President's Message is said to have fallen like a thunder-clap on the friends of annexation to the United States in Cuba. They expected General Pierce would avow a determination to make the island a part of the Union during his Presidency.

Adeline Phelps, of Northfield, Mass., was tried at Greenfield last week, for the murder of her father, by poison, and acquitted on the ground of insanity. The prisoner cross-examined several of the witnesses in a very lawyer-like manner, and also made a plea in her own defence. She ridiculed the idea that she was insane, and seemed to think there were two conspiracies against her—one to take her life, and another to shut her up in a mad-house. She was dressed in the prevailing fashion, sported ringlets carefully arranged, and presented a singularly grotesque appearance.

The southern papers contain an account of a collision which took place on the 1st inst., near Baton Rouge, between the steamboats Pearl and Natchez, by which the former was sunk, and eight or ten lives lost.

High-Priced Cows.—Cassius M. Clay purchased two cows at a sale of imported stock, Dec. 21, in Cincinnati for $2,300. S. Meredith, of Cambridge, Ia., bought two others for $1,800. These were high-bred herd-book Durhams. The remainder were withdrawn for want of sufficient bids.

Fighting Among the Preachers.—The Boston Times gave, a few days ago, a long account of two ministers of South Boston, who got drunk at the late election, and then got to fighting. After pummeling each other until their eyes were blackened and their noses bled, the shepherds' were parted, and a doctor sent for to dress their wounds.

Dr. Lyman Beecher, in a recent Boston sermon said, "that preachers' ideas should stand out like rabbits' ears, so that the people could grab hold of them, and get something for their pains."

Morse's Patent.—Mr. Amos Kendall writes to the New York Herald, that the parties interested in Morse's patent for his telegraph, "have not now and never have had any intention of applying to Congress for an extension of Morse's patents, either separately or in combination with others."

A Woman of Courage.—In Lowell, on Thursday week, a horse attached to a sleigh was started by a slide of snow, and ran at a furious

POLITICAL NEWS.

Maine Law.—At a caucus of the members of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, favorable to the cause of Prohibition, fifteen were in favor of submitting the matter to a vote by the people, and seventeen were in favor of unconditional legislation. The friends of Prohibition were not all present. It is supposed that the majority would have been still larger in favor of the latter course had all been present.

Death of Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg.—The Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg, Member of Congress from Berks County, died in Washington City on Monday week, at Senator Brodhead's residence. Mr. Muhlenberg served in the Senate of this State one term, and was just entering upon a more enlarged career when he was struck down in his thirty-third year. He died of congestion of the lungs following a severe attack of typhus fever.

Massachusetts.—The vacancies in the Senate were filled with Whigs, and the Senate then elected Hon. Emory Washburn (Whig) for Governor, and W. C. Plunket for Lieut. Governor.

The Boston election for Mayor, resulted in the choice of Doctor Smith, a Native American Whig.

Kentucky.—Hon. J. J. Crittenden, has been elected to the United States Senate. The Democrats voted for Gov. Howell. The vote stood—Crittenden, 78; Howell, 55.

Senator Douglass.—This gentleman has addressed a letter to the Governor of Illinois, upon River and Harbor Improvements. He argues that the discrimination between tidal and other navigable waters is unjust; but believes that the system is both unconstitutional and inexpedient—and that it has failed in practice. He advocates local improvements and tonnage duties, according to a uniform rule, by the States.

Important News.—Col. Jeff. Davis was elected Senator from Mississippi, and C. C. Clemens, of Alabama, will go into the War Department. Mr. Guthrie resigns the Treasury Department, and Mr. Breckenridge, of Ky., takes his place. Some say Mr. Cushing takes the Treasury, and Mr. Breckenridge the Attorney Generalship. The Mexican Treaty, it is believed, was made without instructions—perhaps by the influence of outsiders. Mr. Gadsden, our Minister, brings it with him from Mexico. The treaty agrees to give 39,000,000 acres,

Clippings.

THE OLD YEAR.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite oblivion, speed thou on!
Another gift of time succeedeth thee,
Fresh from the hand of God! for thou hast done
The errand of thy destiny, and none
May dream of thy returning. Go! and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold
Eternal prison-house;—the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fervent care
Of worldly hearts; the miser's dream of gold;
Ambition's grasp at greatness; the quench'd light
Of broken spirits; the forgiven wrong,
And the abiding curse. Ay, bear along
These wrecks of thine own making. Lo! thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
Its last and faintest echo! Fare thee well!

John G. Whittier.

☞ Some sharp young editor, who has associated with such only, grows witty about men marrying paint, cotton, whalebone, silk, &c. It would be easy to return the compliment, for women have actually married creatures of hair, bear's grease, tobacco juice, and logwood, done up in tight pants and bob-tail coats.

☞ The man who attempted to look into the future, had the door slammed in his face.

☞ An exchange says that down in New Orleans it requires three persons to start a business firm; one to die with the yellow fever, one to get killed in a duel, and the third to wind up the partnership business.

☞ A rough Kentuckian, hearing a child squall very loud and furiously, remarked,—"How wickedly that small sample of mankind is swearing now, in its infantile vernacular! What will it come to when it is educated?"

☞ Dickens gives the following, in a recent chapter of his Child's History of England, as one of the doings of the bloody Jeffrey:—"A worthy widow, named Elizabeth Gaunt, was burned alive at Tyburn, for having sheltered a

☞ The Boston *Bee*, of Saturday week, has the following polite notice: "Deacon Smith is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

☞ A Cleveland lady recently sent to a book store for a copy of the "Bandits of Hood," and the waggish clerk returned her an engraving of a *Rigolette*. The lady "knit" her brows, "colored," and declared herself "worsted."

☞ There are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving sighs, and even lying silence.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 14, 1853.

REMARKS—Trade has been very quiet since our last notice, and there are but few changes to notice in prices. Bark continues dull, and prices are nominal. The Cotton market has been inactive, but prices remain without change. Breadstuffs have been less active, but at the close Flour has improved under the Baltic's advices. In Fruit there is no change to notice. Hemp is held firmly. In Hides there is no stock here to operate in. In Iron there has been more activity, and some large contracts have been made for Spring delivery. Lead is scarce and prices firm. Leather continues in demand, and prices are looking up. In Lumber nothing doing. In Groceries the transactions have been limited, excepting a sale of 3,315 bags Rio Coffee, by auction, on Thursday. The Provision market has undergone no change. Supplies from the West continue to come in very slowly, owing to the impeded state of the navigation, and there is but little stock here to operate in. Rice is dull. In Seeds no change. Tobacco and Wool are very quiet. Freights to Liverpool are rather higher, but coastwise the rates are nearly nominal.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The supplies of Flour continue small, and the stock is gradually becoming reduced. The market has been very quiet during the

TEAS—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and there is rather more inquiry.

TOBACCO—The sales of both Leaf and Manufactured have been only in small lots to the trade, without change in price.

WINE—The sales have been only in small lots without change in price.

WOOL—The inactivity which has characterized the market for a month past still continues, and the transactions of the past week only amount to 60a70,000 lbs in small lots, mostly to the local manufacturers, from 40 to 58c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firmer. Some engagements for Flour have been made at 4s 6d per bbl, and Grain at 13a14d per bbl. To California the ship Tinqua is loading at 60a65c per foot. Coastwise are nominal, and there is but little Coal shipping.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 16.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,700 head. Beeves are selling from $7,50 to 9,00 per 100 lbs. Calves are selling from 4 to 5½c per lb, live weight, and at good demand. Cows—Are selling at prices ranging from $20 to 30. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2½ to 5. The latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

ALMANAC.

Jan., 1854.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
21 Saturday,	7 10	4 50	7 30	
22 Sunday,	7 9	4 51	8 17	
23 Monday,	7 8	4 52	9 8	
24 Tuesday,	7 8	4 52	10 3	D. H. M.
25 Wednesday,	7 7	4 53	11 2	First 5 10 49
26 Thursday,	7 6	4 54	12 6	Full 14 4 1
27 Friday,	7 5	4 55	1 1	Last 21 8 9
28 Saturday,	7 4	4 56	1 56	New 28 11 56

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th inst. at the Church of the Nativity, by the Rev. F. T. Wiley, Jacob F. Lukens, to Mary C. daughter of Wm. Trautwine, Sr. of Philadelphia.

On Thursday morning, Dec. 8th, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., Peter A. Nicholson, to Miss Edith M. Dunlap, all of this city. Chester county papers please copy.

At Isaac Powell's, Esq. White Hall Hotel, on Wednesday evening, January 11th, 1854, by the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, Edwin M'Mullen, Esq. to Miss Rebecca Keech, both of Wilmington, Delaware.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Geo. L. Platt, Mr. John T. Jones, to Miss M. Lizzie Da Costa Aitkens.

On the 5th inst. by the Hon. Charles Gilpin, Mayor, Jonathan T. Ely, Esq. to Sallie J. Overholtzer, both of Norristown, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev John Street, Mr. George C. Shull, of Deerfield, to Miss Harriet N. Clarke, of Millville, all of Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, Mr Joseph Pavanarious, to Miss Ellen McGrath, all of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. Robert F. Archibald, of Chester, to Miss Ann E. Hazlet, of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. Joseph Thompson, to Miss Martha Amelia B.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

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MORRIS L. HALLOWELL & CO.,
HAVING REMOVED INTO THEIR
NEW WAREHOUSE,
ENTRANCE NO. 149 MARKET AND 22 NORTH FOURTH STREETS,
ARE NOW OPENING, FOR THE SPRING TRADE, AN ASSORTMENT OF
SILK AND FANCY GOODS,
that, for extent and variety, will surpass any stock ever offered in this market, and which they
OFFER FOR SALE AT A
VERY SMALL ADVANCE
ON THE FOREIGN COST.
They call the attention of the Trade to a change in their TERMS, which, hereafter, will be as follows:
TERMS.
CASH BUYERS will receive a Discount of SIX PER CENT. if the money be paid in PAR FUNDS within 10 days after the date of bill.
UNCURRENT MONEY will only be taken at its market value, on the day it is received.
To Merchants of undoubted standing a credit of SIX months will be given, if desired.
Where money is paid in advance of maturity, a Discount at the rate of TWELVE PER CENT. per annum will be allowed. jan21-4t

THE WORLD OF ART AND INDUSTRY
NOW READY, PRICE 50 CENTS.
THE new (quadruple) part of the ILLUSTRATED RECORD of the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations, at New York, contains valuable and important papers on
I. THE FRESNEL LENS, for the Light-House at Cape Hatteras, (with a fine engraving.)
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SEVENTY-ONE FINE ENGRAVINGS, VIZ:
7 Engravings of Silver Ware.
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17 Engravings of Ornamental Furniture.
8 " Ornamental Glass Ware.
3 " Poplins, Embroideries, &c.
6 " Statuary, Marble, &c.
3 " Iron Castings.
2 " Porcelain and Terra Cotta.
5 " Miscellaneous.
From the Following Places:
New York, 13. Paris, 15. England, 5
Philadelphia, 6. London, 6. Denmark, 1
Chicopee, Mass. 8. Berlin, 6. Sardinia, 1
Boston, 1. Dublin, 1. Hungary, 1
Austria, 2.
This part includes four pages of Engravings, costing about $800 over and above the number promised originally. The whole cost of this part, (like the last one) exceeds $2,000, and at the price fixed, it may be safely asserted, that it is the CHEAPEST work, as well as the most beautiful and valuable of its kind ever issued in this country.
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8 " 1 year " " " $15 00
11 " 1 " " " " $20 00
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☞ Specimens sent if desired. 1t

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jan14-6t *Publishers and Bookbinders, Philada.*

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IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c.,
No. 181 MARKET STREET,
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KEEP constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of their own importation, to which they invite the attention of buyers visiting Philadelphia, guaranteeing to sell at as low rates as any house in the United States. Orders by letter or otherwise respectfully solicited, put up with care, and forwarded with despatch. jan14-3m

PHRENOLOGY.—FOWLERS, WELLS & CO., of New York, have opened a Phrenological Cabinet, Book Store and Examination Rooms, at 231 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, and offer all their works on Phrenology, Water Cure, Magnetism, &c., at New York prices, wholesale and retail. Professional Examinations day and evening. Cabinet free to visitors, 231 ARCH Street, Philadelphia. dec24-3m

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA.
FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS
HAVE been awarded for this preparation by the Franklin Institute, Pa.; by the American Institute, N. Y.; by the Mechanics' Association, Boston; and by the Maryland Institute.
In the Twentieth Report of the Franklin Institute, Pa.; the judges of chemicals assert that this Magnesia *is believed to be the best in the United States.*
Its superior qualities consist in its being entirely deprived of carbonic acid and other impurities, its freedom from unpleasant taste, smell, or other disagreeable property; and without roughness or grittiness to the touch or palate. One teaspoonful of it is equal in strength to three or four teaspoonfuls of common Calcined Magnesia.
For sale by the Druggists generally and by the manufacturer, THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
jan7-3meow Olive Chemical Works, Philada.

Original Poetry.

MY LAMBS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

I loved them so!
That when the "elder shepherd" of the fold
Came covered with the stars, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold—
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet;
A little dandling thing that to my bosom
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest;
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down,
In those white, shrouded arms with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that in after years
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder shepherd came—my heart grew faint;
He claimed another lamb with sadder plaint;
Another! she who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away;
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream;
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam;
I knelt to pray—

"Is it Thy will?
My Father, say—must this pet lamb be given?
Oh! Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven—"
And a soft voice said—"nobly hast thou striven,
But peace—be still."

Oh! how I wept!
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb—my pleasant child!
Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled—
And slept.

"Go, go!" I cried;
For once again that shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band;
Like a pale spectre—there he took his stand
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry!
"Touch not my lamb—for him, oh! let me die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell—
And when I rose—the light had burned—so low,
So faint—*I could not see my darling go*;
He had not bidden me farewell—but oh!
I *felt* farewell

More deeply far,
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame—
Though could I but have heard him call my name,
"Dear mother"—but in heaven 'twill be the same—
There burns my star.

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought—*for only three*
Of the dear fold are spared to comfort me;
And yet my haunting dreams! could I foresee,
My heart would break.

Oh! with what thrill
I heard him enter;—but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so;
The idol of my soul—*he* could not go!
Oh! heart, be still!

Came morning; can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking tears were mine—I sleeping wept;
And days, months, years that weary vigil kept.
Alas—"Farewell—"

How often is it said;
I sit and think, and wonder, too, sometime
How it will seem—when in that happier clime
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes—yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep;
No weary years.

Ay! it is well!
Well with my lambs and with their earthly guide;
There pleasant rivers wander they beside;
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay! it is well!

Through the drear day,
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch—their faces see—
Yet my soul whispers—"they *do* come to thee;
Heaven is not far away!"

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,"
"SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED
WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

"What is life, father?" "A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail;
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail;
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not, day nor night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight." *Anonymous.*

Daniel Hunter, with his family, was again at Howlet Hall, and engaged in the superintendence of his works of improvement in that neighborhood. And Maud was still the inseparable companion of her father and mother, in all their walks, rides and drives around the county. But Maud was no longer the bright-lipped, sunny-eyed maiden, called for her radiant beauty the "Star of Silver Creek." Since Falconer had departed for a foreign land, without having previously bidden her good-bye, she had grown pale and pensive, and with all her efforts to be cheerful, her very sweetest smiles were sadder than another's tears. The young girl's patient sorrow distressed her mother very much. One day she followed her daughter to her chamber, and embracing her, said:

"My darling, why don't you talk to me about Falconer? You are always thinking about him—talk as freely to me as you please. Do not close your heart against me, my child. Do you think there is any one in the world who loves you more, understands you more, or can sympathize with you and advise you better than your mother?" And she drew the pale girl to her bosom, most tenderly caressing her.

"Dearest, sweetest mamma, I do not close my heart against you. The Lord forbid it! All the angels know I have not a secret from you in my bosom—but—"

"But what, my love?"

Maud placed her hand in her mother's, and turned away her head to conceal the rising tears, as she said, in a faltering voice,

"I wished to conquer—in silence—this—this—this—*disposition to low spirits*, mamma." Then turning around, with a bright smile, the maiden added, archly,—"Daniel Hunter's daughter must not turn a love-sick girl on your hands, mamma!"

"Bravo! my little girl! *That* she must not," said the lady, answering the smile with one as bright.

"And then, mamma, I have one excuse to offer for suffering myself to fall into this depression that gives you pain. You know, dear mother, it is not as if Falconer were a *casual* acquaintance—the lover of a few week's standing. We were such *old, old* friends, mamma! We were playmates and companions ever since I remember anything—and we loved, and played, and quarrelled, and slapped each other in the face; and then grieved, and coaxed, and kissed, and made up, and were better friends than before, ever since we were babies. Only as we grew up, we grew more refined in our cruelty, and when we disagreed, we struck each other on the *heart* instead of the face. But that did not often happen, sweet mother;" and then she smiled again very archly, as she continued: "We were like a pair of pigeons hatched in the same box, and wherever you saw one perched, you might be sure that the other was flying around very near. We used to go almost everywhere together. I was naturally a cowardly little thing, especially afraid *of falling* and of broken bones: and yet when Falconer would take his fowling-piece and go off up the mountain in the morning before I was up, I would be sure to go after him, climbing the steep rocks, and breaking through the prickly pine and cedar thickets, guided only by the occasional report of his gun, at the risk of tumbling down a precipice, or getting a load of buck shot in my head, and with the certainty of meeting a rueful welcome from Falconer, who would be sure to quarrel with me for endangering my limbs, or, what hurt me more, throw away his gun and sit down and *cry*, to think how near he came shooting me. I always felt his troubles and his triumphs with far keener sense than my own—indeed, I had none but his—" Here, by her own fond memory and her mother's sympathy, the maiden was beguiled into many a reminiscence of the past. Before she concluded, the tears were again swimming in her eyes, and the [illegible] were never separated before. And now, we are not only separated, but estranged—he has sailed without even bidding me farewell—he has departed embittered and unhappy—gone so far, and for such a long, indefinite time, and the end of all this is so distant and uncertain," and then her fortitude gave way altogether, and she dropped her head upon her mother's shoulder, and wept heartily.

Mrs. Hunter folded her arms around her, in silence, until her fit of sobbing had subsided, and then she kissed her, and said, cheerfully,

"And yet, my darling, in all this there is also much that is very hopeful and encouraging. In the first place, you feel sure that Falconer loves you, and only you, with his whole heart—and that he will so love you forever—don't you?"

"Oh, yes! I am certain of it, mamma! certain of it! I have heard of many a successful plot to make mischief between a pair of hearts, but not the most skilful conspirator that ever sold his own soul at a bad bargain, could by any set of circumstances make me doubt Falconer's loyalty."

"Well, then—how much comfort is that!—that in itself might be everything! And then, besides, you know that—notwithstanding his very erroneous opinions and his rash, fiery, impetuous way of propagating them—the young man has really a very fine nature—he is noble-hearted, high-spirited, talented, and full of the richest promise for the future. Don't you know that?"

"Oh, yes, dear mother, I know it—and yet—"

"Well, my darling?"

"Oh, mother! while he is so estranged—so opposed to my dearest, my best, my most honored father!"

"Well, my love! what of that, since your father is not opposed to *him*? Shall the wisdom and power of maturity be foiled by the folly and weakness of youth? Daniel Hunter looks upon Falconer with the affectionate tolerance of a parent for a young, wrong-headed, yet not wrong-hearted son. *His own means*, you know, has sent him to Rome, provides for his wants there, watches over his interests, and receives constant intelligence of his progress. The last news from Rome, assures us that Falconer is pursuing his studies in sculpture with the greatest zeal, and under the best possible auspices. Look up, my child! Have faith and hope, as well as love."

"I will, mother! I will, best mother! Oh! believe me, I often take myself to task for my depression. You indeed—when I look around me upon the world, and see so many real, hard, stern sorrows; so much deep, unmitigated, destructive suffering; why my own little personal trouble, by the side of such—seems trivial and fantastical—and I feel half ashamed to indulge it. And I ask myself—how *dare* I, richly blessed as I am with youth and health, and friends and fortune, and education and abilities—how *dare* I sit down in selfish repining over one single selfish desire unfulfilled, or only deferred—and not rather rise up and go and minister to those who are *really* afflicted? Yes, dear mother, your lessons and your example have not been all in vain; they have not been thrown away upon your child. I *have* so communed with myself—and I have made resolutions, which, with the help of our Heavenly Father, I mean to carry out."

"Out of the uses of affliction, my dearest child, is to impress that lesson."

"And then, dearest mother, when I have gone among the suffering poor—when I have entered one of those miserable Irish cabins on the mountain, and found human beings—men and women and children, sunk in brutal ignorance and coarseness; living amid squalor, filth and disease; enduring the pangs of hunger, cold and illness; without relief for the present or hope for the future; almost without love for each other, or faith in God! I have thought—oh! I have asked myself, who hath made me to differ? how *dare* I live for myself and not for these? And even when I go into one of our comfortable negro quarters—(though we should not think them comfortable for ourselves, should we, mamma?) and when I see some poor, old, superannuated negro, after his life of toil, dying by inches, on his course, hard bed, in his rude, rough room—and see him leaving his children and grand-children, with no hope of a better fate than his own, I ask myself in fear and trembling—my God! who has made me to differ? How dare I grieve for myself and not for these also? And oh! how I realize that it is no merit of mine, that I am not one of them—as it is no fault of theirs that they are what they are! No! no fault of theirs that they are poor and ignorant, and diseased and hideous—as it is no merit of mine, that I am rich and intelligent, and fair and healthy. And, oh, then I inquire—does not this great difference make me *fearfully responsible* for all the advantages I possess? *fearfully accountable* for all the sufferings I might relieve? Mother! dearest mother! my sin has been, that I knew how to do right, and did it not! But it shall be so no longer. Your teachings shall not be so cast away. I will be different. I will live a useful and an unselfish life."

"And be cheerful, my own, dear girl! Let us have the joy of seeing our dear girl cheerful."

"Oh, you shall see that I will be so, mamma. I have not been all that I ought to have been to you and my father. I have not been bright and joyous, and a renewal of your youth; but I will be henceforth, mamma."

"With the Lord's blessing, my love."

"Yes, with the Lord's blessing, mamma."

In the meantime, Miss Honoria, as usual, monopolized Sir Henry Percival. That undecided young gentleman had been absent during several months past, making a tour of the south. And now, on his return, he was paying his farewell visit to Howlet Hall. His incentive in going on that journey had not been so much the desire of travelling and of seeing new sections of the country, as the wish to cast off the yoke of Miss Honoria, break the charm of habit and of expectancy, and afterwards return to Howlet Hall a free man, to transfer his attentions to Maud Hunter.

Alas for him! He *had* returned—but the family, who were not at all in his secret, quietly and tacitly abandoned him to the tender mercies of Miss Honoria, who calmly, and, as an understood matter of course, took possession of her serf. And the last state of that man was worse than the first. It was in vain that he struggled against his self-made fate—it was like beating the air. Miss Honoria always *wanted* him, and she always *had* him. And Maud was always with her parents, busy, occupied and unobservant. And even had the opportunity offered, he dared not offend Miss Hunter by presenting himself with any abrupt disclosure of his preference. Too often he had pictured to himself the look of indignant astonishment with which it would have been met.

And it was in vain that he tried to approach her by extremely refined and delicate degrees; for her instincts and perceptions were still *more* refined and delicate than his advances, and at the least dropping of his tone as he addressed her, or melting of his eye as it sought hers, her beautiful, radiant face would, as it were, *freeze* into a distance and hauteur that chilled him to the heart. This manner was not assumed by the young girl—it was the natural and involuntary revelation of her feelings, as unconscious as it was sincere. She could not help it—

Something of a cold disgust,
Wonderful and most unjust,
Something of a surly fear
Weighed her heart when he was near.

And this feeling and this manner had no reference to the prior claims either of Falconer on the one hand, or of Honoria on the other. If both had been out of the question, she could not have endured Sir Henry Percival's suit.—And involuntarily she made him feel it.

And finally, piqued and humbled, he withdrew his love tones and love glances from the cold, ungrateful girl, and confined them where he knew they would be more welcome. His conscience also pricked him somewhat in regard to Honoria. He felt that it was not exactly the course of a man of honor to persevere month after month, for more than a year, in attentions to one woman, while his heart and his purposes were fixed upon another. For, poor fellow, with the usual blindness of victims upon such occasions, he never dreamed that it was *Miss Honoria* who courted *him* all this time.

And, added to the prompting of his conscience, which let us hope was the motive power of the greatest weight, there were these lesser influences: The family in Howlet Hollow, and the world outside, too, *expected* him to marry Miss Honoria—he had *led* them to expect it! had he now the moral courage to disappoint a reasonable expectation?—and then, certainly, in a rational and worldly point of view, Honoria was quite as eligible as Maud. She was the co-heiress of her sister, and her money would be very useful in building up his own decayed fortunes—(not that Sir Henry was a mercenary fortune-hunter, for such was really not his character or purpose, only on this occasion he committed the not unusual introversion of logging in his *interest* to encourage and support his *conscience* in the performance of a duty.) And then, as for external *prettiness*, Honoria, he thought, was certainly *prettier* than Maud; her skin was more snowy, and her features smaller and chiselled with a more classic regularity. And then, again, her manner, [illegible] was assuredly more high-bred, more aristocratic than that of Maud. In short, Sir Henry, like a wiser fox than he really was, pronounced the sour grapes hung high above his head, and praised the flavor of the chicken [illegible] in his mouth.

Still he had not quite made up his mind how to act.

And in the meantime, Miss Honoria's heart, or rather her vanity, sickened with hope deferred; and well it might, poor girl! it was no joke to be daily expecting and longing for a proposal for nearly two years, until, "out of her grief and her impatience," she was almost driven to make it herself!

An accident often decides the conduct of an undecided character. Such a chance precipitated the fate of Sir Henry Percival, at the very moment he imagined himself free. And this was the way of it: He had resolved to visit New England for a month or two, and he thought that during his absence, and before his departure to England, he would be able to determine upon some definite course of action. When he announced his intended journey to the family, they listened in polite indifference, wishing him a pleasant tour and a speedy return, etc., all except Honoria. *She* heard in dismay, asking herself what *could* that news mean, and whether he would go away again without coming to an understanding with her? And in the time that intervened between the morning of his announcement and the day of his departure, she grew daily more troubled and anxious. She could have indulged herself with many a good, hearty cry, only she could not afford to redden her eyes and enlarge her nose—at least not while he stayed.

But the hour came in which he was to bid them all farewell. Daniel Hunter was to accompany him to the village.

He took leave of Mrs. Hunter and Maud in the library, and then sought the presence of Honoria, who had purposely isolated herself in the empty drawing-room, to afford him a last opportunity of declaring himself. If he could escape that parting hour, she thought then he certainly would be lost to her hopes forever.

He did escape it, or rather he thought he did. He entered gaily, spoke to her cordially, paid her some graceful, unmeaning compliment, kissed her hand, and bade her adieu.

There! he was gone, sure enough, without doing her justice, she said.

And, overwhelmed with disappointed ambition, mortified vanity, and even wounded affection—(for the frivolous girl rather liked the young man around whom so many hopes clustered)—she threw herself down upon the sofa in a passion of tears.

Some one entered hastily.

"I wonder what I did with my gloves. Good Heavens! Miss Hunter! Honoria! Dearest Honoria! What is the matter? I beg your pardon!—Honoria!"

It was Sir Henry Percival—and he was bending over her, frightened, pleased, remorseful, flattered—all at once.

Now, of course, you know what followed.

Sir Henry Percival deferred his journey, and that forenoon, when he should have been on the road to Baltimore, he was closeted with Daniel Hunter, telling him that his happiness depended on the possession of Miss Honoria's fair hand.

And Miss Honoria herself was in Mrs. Hunter's chamber, sitting on a sofa between Mrs. Hunter and Maud, with a hand clasped in the hand of each, and—(a heroine for once in her life)—being wept over, and smiled over by the maiden who kissed her and caressed her, and wished her joy over and over again.

It was the next day after breakfast that Mrs. Hunter desired the presence of Miss Honoria in her own apartment for a private interview. And then and there the lady revealed to her adopted daughter the history of her true parentage, and placed her mother's letter in her hands.

Honoria heard the story with many tears—tears of false shame, vexation, and even remorse, when she remembered her cold, haughty manner to her poor, loving, unknown mother. But soon every other feeling was swallowed up in the fear of the effect the knowledge of this would have upon her affianced, and his intentions towards her. Mrs. Hunter reassured her.

"Have you seen any change in his manner either last evening or this morning?" inquired the lady.

"No, mamma, he is very good."

"Then be at ease—he is well informed of all that I have told you. During the interview in the library yesterday morning, Mr. Hunter put Sir Henry in possession of all the facts."

Miss Honoria was surprised and comforted. And she began to experience the conviction that there was no one she had yet met, who was so selfish as herself. It was a little glimmering of light and warmth let in upon her cold and darkened spirit; let us hope that it may shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and that Mrs. Hunter's long continued efforts for her regeneration have not been all in vain—that the good seed sown long ago, and lying quiescent in that young heart, may germinate at last and bring forth good fruit.

Honoria retired to her own room to read her poor mother's first and last letter—that fond letter so full of yearning affection—to read and to shed tears of repentance over it.

The next day, by the earnest advice of Mrs. Hunter, Honoria wrote to her brother. And Mr. Hunter enclosed it in a letter of explanation from himself to Falconer, and for greater safety sent them to the State Department at Washington, to go off in the official mail-bag to Rome.

One month from this time, Sir Henry Percival and Miss Honoria were quietly married at the village church by the Reverend Mr. Lovel, and the same morning they set out on a journey to New York, whence they sailed to England.

And soon after their departure, Mr. Hunter and his family went again to Washington City for the winter. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

GALLANTRY OF THE ARABIAN HORSES.—That horses should be susceptible to the charms of the gentle sex, is no more than might have been expected from their noble bearing and intelligence. Read the following extract from a lady's letter written in the East:

I fear you may deem me rather boastful of my horsemanship when I tell you two Arab horses which threw their cavaliers did not throw me. The cause of the exception was not, however, in me or my skill. It was in the very remarkable predilection those intelligent animals feel toward individuals of the weaker sex. Let the wildest, the fiercest Arabian, be mounted by a woman, and you will see him grow suddenly as mild and obedient as a lamb. I had plenty of opportunities to make the experiment, and in my own stables there is a beautiful gray Arab which nobody dares to ride, though he is my daily bearer. He knows me, my wishes, the degree of fatigue I can bear without inconvenience, and how to behave in consequence.

It is really curious to see him manage to quicken his pace without shaking me, and the different sort of steps he has invented to realize these contradictory purposes. Horses are as liable to forgetfulness as any other organized being; and my incomparable gray, sometimes, when other horses threaten to pass him, or are at once in advance, forgets every consideration and starts off more like a whirlwind than anything else. Woe to me if, under such circumstances, I were to confide in the strength of my arm or of the bridle. But I know better.—Leaving my hand quite loose and abandoning all thoughts of compulsion I take to persuasion—pat him on the neck—call him by his own name—beg him to be quiet, and to deserve the piece of sugar waiting for him at home. Never have these means failed. Instantly he will slacken his pace, prick up his ears and come back to a soft amble, while with a gentle neigh he seems to crave my pardon for momentary offence.—Such instances of the tender penchant of Arab horses, for the weaker part of creation, are quite common, and are generally explained—not a poetical explanation after all—by the circumstance that the Arab women are the natural and only grooms of their lords' stables.

THE EXTINCT AMERICAN RACE.—Amidst the plains of North America, some powerful nation, which has disappeared, constructed circular, square, and octagonal fortifications; walls, 6,000 toises in length; tumuli, from 700 to 800 feet in diameter, and 140 feet in height, sometimes round, sometimes with several stories, and containing thousands of skeletons. These skeletons are the remains of men less slender and more squat than the present inhabitants of these countries. On a vast space of ground at the Lower Orinoco, as well as on the banks of the Casiquiare, and between the sources of the Essequibo and the Rio Branco, there are rocks of granite covered with symbolic figures. These sculptures denote that the extinct generations belonged to nations different from those which now inhabit the same region.—*Humboldt's Travels.*

ANECDOTE OF BERNSDORFF.—When Bernsdorff, the great statesman of Denmark, emancipated the peasant-serfs on his estate, they assembled to a man, and besought him, with tears, that he would not give them up, but still continue to be their lord and master; that he would annul the declaration that made them free.

"You do not understand what I have done for you," replied Bernsdorff, "but you will understand it at some future time, and your children will understand it, and thank me."—*Miss Bremer.*

Theatrical Scenes.

TERRIFIC SITUATION!

Heroine of domestic drama, pursued by the unprincipled villain, is about to cast herself headlong from a tremendous precipice!

Wit and Humor.

MORE ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.

"A LITTLE girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in 'clustering curls' down in her neck. One hot summer day, she went up-stairs, and cut all the curls off. Coming down, she met her mother, who exclaimed, with surprise:

"'Why, Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?'

"To which she responded, that 'she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt Nancy did!'"

"'PAPA!' said my little urchin to me, when he was but three years old, and had just begun to catch the phrases of older children—it was the pensive hour of twilight, and drawing near his bed-time—'Papa, will you make a prayer for me, before I go to bed?'

"'Yes, my darling, if you wish it; but why not let your mamma say your prayers for you, as she does on other nights?'

"'Oh, papa, I don't want you to say those prayers: 'Our Father,' 'Now I lay me;' but pray yourself: *make* a prayer to God for me!'

"So I put up, with all my heart, a serious petition to his *Heavenly* Father, for my little son. He listened attentively, and, as it seemed, most seriously; but, just as I concluded, he exclaimed, with eyes sparkling with mirth:

"'Good, papa! good! Now pray again—pray again! *Go it!*'"

"MY 'TWO-YEAR-AND-A-HALF' is considered 'some' in those parts, and never speaks without saying something. A short time since, his cousin from the country came to pay him a visit, the first he had received from him. Our cook has also a 'two-year-and-a-half'—so black that you can't see him after sun-down—who rejoices in the cognomen of 'Tom.' And Dick has an insuperable dislike for the aforesaid Tom. During the cousin's visit, we were endeavoring to explain to him the cousinly relation, and called his attention to the color of his eyes and hair, and his purely white complexion; to all of which he listened patiently, and for a moment hung down his head, as if endeavoring to comprehend what had been told him. Soon, however, he raised his bright blue eyes, beaming with intelligence, and asked:—

"'Then ain't Tom cousin to the devil?—they be's the same color!'

"Please tell your last-month correspondent to send on 'that lot!'"

"A LITTLE GIRL, of three and a half years, not long since, in the middle of a moon-lit night, awoke her mother, who was sleeping with her, very carefully, and bade her look upon the floor, saying, at the same time, in the sweetest voice imaginable:

"'See there, ma, the moon is *smiling on the carpet!*'

"Some of Alexander Smith's moons are not prettier, or pleasanter.

"A dear little boy 'we wot of,' when about three years old, was very much impressed with the solemnity of a preacher, and his talk and prayers. He was one day found in the parlor, every chair in the room turned down upon its face, in regular order, with one in the middle, representing the preacher; and when asked the meaning of it, said he was '*making the chairs pray!*'"

"OUR 'DEL,' a fair-haired prattler of some two summers, on a recent visit to 'town,' saw, for the first time in her life, some young 'colored folks' at play. She expressed a wish to join them, and left us, but speedily returned, exclaiming:

"'I won't play with the little girls, for they all got *dirty faces!*'"

"A LITTLE GIRL, of three years, on being taken to church for the first time, was asked, on her return, what she had seen, and replied:

"'I see Dod with a night-gown on!'

"The same little darling, desiring some tomatoes at table, which she had heard pronounced '*Tommy-toes*,' in sport, being puzzled to remember the name, said she wanted some '*Tommy-Footies*.'"

"A LITTLE GIRL, who had accompanied her mother to a place of worship where the officiating 'divine' was in the habit of 'talking forcibly' to the sinners, to an extent which unconverted 'out-siders' considered as sometimes almost bordering upon profanity, exclaimed, on her return:

"'Mamma, I dont like Mr. F———.'

"'Why, my dear?' replied her mother, anxious to know the cause of such an expression of childish opinion.

"'*Because he talks saucy to God!*'

"It struck me that there was a great deal of truthful meaning in that remark."

"I HAPPENED in a school-room one day, while a class of very small boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson.

"'Five from five leaves how many?' asked the teacher, of a little girl of some 'six years of old.' After a moment's reflection, she answered:

"'Five.'

"'How do you make that out?' said the teacher.

"Holding her little hands out toward him, she said:

"'Here are five fingers on my right hand, and here are five on the other. Now, if I take the five fingers on my left hand away from the five on my right hand, won't five remain?'

"The teacher was, as we say in this region, 'stumped,' and was obliged to 'knock under.'"

"THAT was rather a 'fast' specimen of juvenile 'Young America,' not yet inducted into trowsers, who said one day, recently, to his father:

"'Father, come and get me this apple.'

"There being no immediate signs of compliance, the young 'chip' exclaimed:

"'Father, why don't you start! *I* always start when you tell me!'"

"A LITTLE girl, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunder-storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently, however, a smile of triumph lit up her features as she exclaimed:

"'Oh! I know what makes the lightning: It's God *lighting his lamps and throwing the matches down here!*'

"Lighting the lamps of Heaven to 'shine by night,' and throwing the lightning-'matches' down through the 'awful void!'"

"A LADY-friend of mine was, a few evenings ago, entertaining our little one with some fancy tale, a bright, jolly boy, of about four years old, with a special fondness for pictures and stories, and a 'realizing sense,' such as only children have. In passionate glee he listened to the end, when he suddenly broke forth:

"'Mother, was I born then?'

"'No, my dear.'

"'Well, I wish God had made me quicker, so I might have been there!'"—*Knickerbocker.*

PARENTAL ADVICE.—A good story is told by a friend of ours of an old man and his two sons. The man was very fond of dabbling in petty trials at law, and as he usually did his own pettifogging, as well as for others, he, to use his own expression, "would rather be sued than not," so, that he could have a chance to exhibit his skill as a lawyer. His own sons were not unfrequently his clients, and as they partook somewhat of the spirit of their sire, he had frequently disputes to settle in his own family. At one time it so happened that Sam loaned money to his brother Bill, and of course as it was merely a verbal transaction Bill refused to pay.

Sam was in a fix—nothing but book accounts to show. He went to the father for legal advice.

"Father, Bill borrowed ten dollars of me the other day; I didn't take his note, and he won't pay me. What shall I do?"

"Sue him," said the old man, laconically.

Sam needed no further advice, and immediately, with the help of his father, instituted legal proceedings against his brother. Bill, finding he was getting into hot water, also went to the old pettifogger for counsel.

"Father, Sam has sued me for ten dollars I borrowed of him a spell ago without giving him any note. What's best to do?"

"Stand suit," said the parent, "stand suit, Bill, you'll beat him."

The old man went hard to work for Bill, and sure enough, Sam was beaten.—*Delaware Tribune.*

PUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.—The names of our newly elected members of Congress, Messrs. Brooks, Keitt and Boyce, recently furnished occasion for a very notable series of puns, at one of the Legislature messes in Columbia. A member of the mess jocosely remarked that on the appearance of Mr. Brooks, at Washington, it would be said of him and South Carolina—

"If those be her *Brooks*, what must her *Rivers* be?" Another promptly added, it will also be said—

"If this be her *Kit* [Keitt] what must her *Cats* be?" A third pursuing the same vein capped the climax thus—

"If these be her *Boys* [Boyce] what must her *Men* be?"

In a like spirit was the following *jeu d'esprit*, also at Columbia. A bachelor, by the name of Evans was presented to a beautiful widow, also named Evans. The introduction was in this wise:

"Mrs. Evans permit me to present to you Mr. Evans." "Mrs. Evans," said the spirited bachelor, "the lady I have been in search of for the last eight years."

The fair widow took the remark in a very good part, and a pleasant acquaintance ensued. What the future may bring forth, this deponent sayeth not.—*Char. Cour.*

SERVING UP A ROGUE.—A rogue had the audacity to go into a hotel with a five dollar *counterfeit* bill, and ask the proprietor to change it. The landlord looked at the bill, then at the man, (who was genteelly dressed,) and finally inquired how he wanted it changed?

"Into small bills—one's, if you have them," was the reply.

The landlord took from out of the back part of his drawer a large pile of bills, and handed over five ones to the rogue, who walked out of the house highly elated; but he soon discovered to his astonishment that the one dollar bills were *all on broken banks!*

For the Young.

MIST, FOG, FROST.

Q. What is the cause of *mist?*

A. Currents of air from the water coming in contact with *colder land* currents.

Q. Why are the currents of *air* from the *land colder* than those blowing over *water?*

A. Because the earth radiates heat after sunset, more freely than water, consequently the *air* which comes in contact with the land is colder than that which comes in contact with the water.

Q. Why are *windows* often, covered with thick *mist*, and the frames wet with standing *water?*

A. Because the temperature of the *external air* always *falls* at sunset, and *chills the window glass* with which it comes in contact.

Q. How does this account for the *mist* and *water on a window?*

A. As the warm vapor of the room *touches* the *cold glass* it is *chilled* and *condensed* into *mist*; and the mist, (collecting into drops,) *rolls down* the window-frame in little streams of water.

Q. Does the *glass* of a window *cool* down more *rapidly* than the *air* of the room itself?

A. Yes; because the air is *kept warm* by *fires*, and by the *animal heat* of the people in the room; in consequence of which, the air of a room suffers *very little* diminution of heat from the setting of the sun.

Q. Whence arises the *vapor* of a *room?*

A. 1st.—The very *air* of the room contains *vapor*:

2nd.—The *breath* and *insensible perspiration* of the inmates *increase* this vapor; and

3rd.—*Hot dinners*, the *steam of tea*, and so on, *increase it* still more.

Q. What is meant by "the *insensible perspiration?*"

A. From every part of the human body an *insensible* and *invisible* perspiration issues all night and day; not only in the hot weather of summer, but also in the coldest day of winter.

Q. If the perspiration be both *insensible* and *invisible*, how is it *known* that there is any such perspiration?

A. If you put your naked arm into a *clean, dry glass tube*, the perspiration will *condense* on the glass like mist.

Q. Why are *carriage windows* very soon covered with thick *mist?*

A. Because the warm vapor of the carriage is *condensed* by the *cold glass*, and covers it with a thick mist.

Q. *Why* is the glass window *cold* enough to condense the vapor of the *carriage?*

A. Because the *inside* of a carriage is much warmer than the *outside*; and the glass window is made cold by contact with the *external air?*

Q. *Where* does the *warm* vapor of the carriage come from?

A. The warm *breath* and insensible *perspiration* of the persons riding, load the *air* of the carriage with warm vapor.

Q. What is the cause of the pretty *frost-work* seen on bed-room *windows* in winter time?

A. The *breath* and insensible *perspiration* of the sleeper, (coming in contact with the ice-cold window) are *frozen* by the cold glass, and form those beautiful appearances seen in our bed-rooms on a winter morning.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

Selected Articles.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,—
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet, and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand which moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear—
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east,—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife, her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look,
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How Heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of Heaven by shining hands were flung;
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat—
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee;
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,
That ministered to thee, is open still.
Putnam's Magazine.

LARGE AND SMALL HEADS.

FROM THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

With regard to the large head and small head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Cuvier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces. This is generally accounted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a working-man who died in University College Hospital, London, and whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed, out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, though perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all that they could learn about the man was, that he was said by his neighbors to have had a remarkably good memory. The brain of Dr. Abercromby, of Edinburgh, weighed sixty-three ounces. Dr. Chalmers had a very large head indeed (Joseph Hume and he were said to have the largest heads in the kingdom); and yet his brain weighed but fifty-three ounces—almost under the average. On the other hand, Byron had a small head, at least Mr. Leigh Hunt informs us that *his* hat, which is not a very large one, used to go quite over Byron's head, but his brain is said to have weighed nearly four pounds. Keats and Shelley had very small heads, Mr. Leigh Hunt's hat going over them too. Raffaelle had a small head; Sir Walter Scott had a small head; so had Neander, the church historian; so, also, if we recollect aright what Bernal Diaz says, had Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. Wellington's head is said to have been under the average size. The brain of Mrs. Manning, the murderess, was a pound heavier than her husband's. The skull of Rush was very large, measuring, we think, upwards of twenty-four inches round. Pericles, as we know, had a large head; so had Mahomet; so had Mirabeau; so had O'Connell. Lamartine describes Napoleon's as a small head which had bulged out. The skull of the poet Burns was carefully measured when it was disinterred on the burial of his wife, it measured twenty-two and a quarter inches round, which, allowing half an inch for the integuments, would make the circumference of the living head twenty-two and three-quarter inches, a largish head, but not extraordinary. Goethe's head, we believe, was not remarkable for size. About Shakspeare's head our only information must be from Stratford bust, which Chantrey pronounced, from certain signs, to be almost certainly modelled from an original cast taken after death. It is a curious example of a foregone conclusion, that Mr. Hugh Miller, speaking of this bust, in his admirable work, entitled "First Impressions of England and its People," describes the head, from personal inspection, as a very large one. The skull, he says, must have been of a capacity to contain all Dr. Chalmers's brains. This, as Dr. Chalmers was then alive, was tantamount to saying that it was of the largest known dimensions. Now, with this very description in our memory, we have ourselves examined the Stratford bust with the utmost closeness and care, and we unhesitatingly declare that the head in that bust is, if not a smallish one, at least such as any average English hat could easily fit. We *believe* it is a smallish head. In short, from all the statistics we have at command respecting large and small heads, including our own private observations among our acquaintances, we have never been able to obtain any presentable conclusion on the point. The opinion of David Scott, the painter, was, that large heads were generally found in successful men of the world, such as statesmen, bankers, and the like, and that the fineness of nervous tissue requisite for the purely intellectual lives of artists, thinkers, and literary men generally, connoted a small or average size of head. Even this opinion, however, will break down, if applied in practice. We know very energetic, prudential, and weighty men, with smallish heads; and we know men with very large heads who seem at home only in the most exquisite and ornamental kinds of mental capacity. More sure than any conclusion that can be come to on this point of size, seems to be a notion we have heard advanced with respect to the form of heads. Length of head from front to back, we have heard an eminent and very observing man declare to be, according to his experience, the most constant physiognomic sign of ability. Only in one eminent head, that of Sir Walter Scott, had he found this sign wanting; and, in this case, if properly considered, the want was significant. Next to length or depth, his idea was, that height over the ears, as in Scott's head, was the best sign, although he had not found this nearly so essential. To us it appears, that if the two dimensions of *length* or *depth* and *height*, as thus expounded, we add the third dimension of *breadth*, and if we attach to the three terms their corresponding popular meanings when used in speaking of mental character—regarding a deep head, or a head long from front to back, or from the forehead to the ears, as significant of depth or astuteness; a high head, or a head rising high over the ears, as significant of moral elevation; and a broad head, as measured across and behind the temples, as significant of what is called width or generality of view—we shall have as tolerable a system of practical craniology as the facts will warrant; not very different either from that propounded by the ordinary phrenologists, though they would carry us much farther. Here, also, however, let us not be too certain in our judgments. We have seen "foreheads villainous low," on very noble fellows, and grand domes of heads on mere blocks and ignoramuses.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—At Udine, in Friule, a poor man suffering under the tortures of hydrophobia, was cured by draughts of vinegar, giving him by mistake, instead of another potion. A physician of Padua got intelligence of this event, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the hospital, administering a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, and the man was speedily and perfectly cured.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

"Papa, take a walk, please, sir. It's such a pretty afternoon; the sun shines so prettily, and mamma is afraid for me to go see the new bridge by myself."

"What, my boy! haven't seen the new bridge, eh? then put on your cap and cloak, and we'll be off at once."

Little Freddy ran in good glee to find his mamma; and she kissed him pleasantly, smoothed his long brown curls, placed his little velvet cap, with its pretty tassel, jauntily on his head, carefully clasped his cloak, kissed him again, and taking his little hand in hers, led him to papa. With a smile of pride, papa rose, and gaily hastening himself on his "dandy boy," they started.

The mother's eyes followed them, filling with happy tears. Little Fred. never looked so handsome, and his busy prattle growing fainter every step, never sounded half so sweetly. But a sudden whim seizes him, he looks round, releases his hand from his father's, and runs back for another kiss—another good-bye. She folds him to her heart with an unwonted impulse, and for the first time thinks to charge him to be careful, not to let go of papa's hand, or go too near the edge of the bridge. He promises, and bounds away again. He looked back once more as he turned the corner of the next street, and waved her a last kiss with the little hand she had just pressed so fervently. And he was gone. Poor mamma! Dear little Freddy—he was indeed *gone!*

There are huge timbers, long, heavy ropes of iron, and great masses of rocks scattered about, and quite a throng of people drawn hither by a curiosity like little Freddy's, to see the new iron suspension bridge. But every now and then we catch a glimpse of a little velvet cap and tassel moving quickly in the crowd, and hear the eager tones of a childish voice. There it is now, far out on the bridge. A few moments it is held in papa's arms directly above the river, and looking down, beholds its own shadow-like image in the calm, unruffled surface. There are great trees, too, and high banks, and another bridge down there. And then he asks musingly, "How far is it down there, papa?" Once more, a little farther on, where the bridge juts over a part of the bed of the stream, left bare at its present stage, you see the same little cap and pretty curls thrust through some of the breastworks of the bridge, and you note how tightly he is holding his father's hand. He has not forgotten mamma's parting injunction.

And then, in a moment, your breath is gone; you are choking, you cannot see, and you pass your hand feebly across your eyes and gasp—"No—oh! no—My God, it can't be so!" But you hear presently from some one hurrying by—"A little boy has fallen from the bridge and is killed." At length you look *down there*. The crowd has fallen back in respectful compassion, and you see a man's form bending motionlessly over a mass of bright-colored child's clothes, tossed in wild disorder. There is a little cloak, with its gay plaid border; a velvet cap, with its pretty tassel; and some long, brown curls—but they are all tossed and stained with blood. The face—so smiling a moment ago—is turned toward heaven—sweet still, but so pale and rigid! the bright, loving eyes are closed, and from the left temple a crimson stream is flowing. And just above the sharp rock he struck in falling! Oh! God, it is too true—"*A little boy is killed*," and it is—little Freddy.

A few moments—that seem like ages—pass, and the physician is there. He looks at the small, still figure, presses his finger on the tiny wrist, and lays his hand upon the little heart; but his gaze is fixed, his lips move not, he issues no orders. He seems to dread that motionless form bending near, he shrinks from encountering those straining eyes rivetted on his. But after a little while he turns, and grasping one arm, compassionately says, in a choking voice—"Bear it like a Christian—think of his mother."

And the sun shone on, and the river gave back the trees, and the high banks and the bridge, just as distinctly as though it missed not that little image from its surface; the awe-stricken throng departed, the chill twilight spread its dusk shadows about, and the still night, with its shining stars, folded the weary earth in peaceful slumber; and the morrow came, and yet other morrows, with their changeless round, and the world wagged on, and the stream of life failed not. Yet, *two hearts were stricken forever!*—HELEN HEATH, *in Daily Register.*

☞ Montesquieu says, I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 26, 27, 23, 33, 13, is a city in France.
My 22, 10, 20, 11, 26, 31, 31, 30, is a town in Mississippi.
My 21, 3, 6, is a polite answer.
My 28, 3, 7, 20, 25, 15, 10, 26, 14, 25, is a town in Virginia.
My 9, 13, 31, 3, is used by barbers.
My 19, 27, 24, 31, 28, 30, is what we all should be.
My 15, 4, 17, 18, 16, is a distinguished American General.
My 16, 9, 25, 3, 8, is a ferocious animal.
My 22, 21, 30, is a dangerous reptile.
My 1, 26, 16, is a river in North Carolina.
My 26, 27, 6, 13, 17, 16, 27, 4, is a county in Mississippi.
My 10, 29, 26, 27, 6, was a celebrated poet.
My 30, 23, 14, 25, 9, 6, 9, 27, is one of the United States.
My 2, 11, 11, 17, 6, is the name of a lake.
My 20, 14, 26, 15, 21, 23, 4, 28, 4, 9, 29, is a deadly poison.
My 4, 5, 26, 26, 3, 8, is a metal.
My 2, 29, 23, 19, is one of the imponderable agents.
My 25, 29, 17, 14, 25, 9, 22, is one of the United States.
My 26, 3, 20, 25, is a wild animal.
My 6, 20, 15, 19, is a county in North Carolina.
My 9, 13, 6, 23, 28, 23, is a cluster of islands south of Greece.
My 11, 16, 22, 31, 24, 28, is a planet.
My 12, 4, 20, 22, 6, conceals many treasures.
My 2, 3, 15, 9, 12, 26 was an eminent poet of antiquity.
My 19, 20, 27, 26, 22, 32, 25, is one of the five senses.
My whole are persons of high literary attainments, and whose writings are read with much interest.
N. C. THOMAS J. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 1, 5, 9, 7, 13, 21, is a county in Virginia.
My 8, 16, 11, 21, 9, is a county in Virginia.
My 3, 15, 15, 8, 29, is a county in Virginia.
My 4, 8, 21, 17, 27, 11, 1, is one of the United States.
My 5, 1, 2, 8, 19, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 6, 8, 16, is a county in Virginia.
My 7, 5, 10, 21, 16, 28, 15, is a county in South Carolina.
My 8, 23, 18, 29, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 9, 13, 24, 28, is a town in Virginia.
My 10, 19, 22, 27, 28, is a county in Kentucky.
My 11, 3, 19, 30, 9, is a town in France.
My 12, 23, 18, 15, 2, is a sea in Europe.
My 13, 2, 10, 27, is one of the United States.
My 11, 3, 6, 15, 13, 19, is a county in Virginia.
My 15, 30, 15, 1, 1, is a county in Mississippi.
My 16, 1, 19, 5, is a volcano in Europe.
My 17, 20, 16, 27, 14, is a county in Virginia.
My 18, 13, 11, 12, 5, is a county in Michigan.
My 19, 24, 21, 1, 2, is a sea in Europe.
My 20, 17, 2, 10, 21, 15, 1, is a county in Virginia.
My 21, 31, 17, 5, is a town in New York.
My 22, 8, 7, 8, is a county in Louisiana.
My 23, 15, 29, 28, 2, is a county in Tennessee.
My 24, 21, 28, 26, 29, 22, is a cluster of islands north of Scotland.
My 25, 6, 7, 16, 29, is a county in Kentucky.
My 26, 20, 15, 2, is a county in North Carolina.
My 27, 19, 1, 5, 27, 18, 13, is a county in New York.
My 28, 25, 11, 8, is a county in Illinois.
My 29, 21, 12, 5, is one of the lakes north of the United States.
My 30, 31, 15, 13, is a county in Michigan.
My 31, 1, 23, 5, 11, 1, 29, is a strait in Europe.
My 32, 12, 15, 1, 10, 6, 28, is a river in Prussia.
My 33, 23, 29, 24, 19, 15, 5, 15, is one of the United States.
My whole is the name and location of an excellent Female Institution in the South. T. E. G.
Sylvan Grove, Va.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a thing you're sure to see
When twilight's past away;
My second is an animal,
That travels night and day.
My whole is often felt at night,
'Tis most unpleasant too;
The sick and weary dread it most,
To them 'tis nothing new.
A. C. C. S.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a pole standing perpendicular to the horizon, on the side of a hill which slopes at an angle of ten degrees. A line, 130 feet long, fastened to the ground, directly above the foot of the pole, and at a distance of 10 feet from it, being stretched over the top, can be made to touch the ground on the opposite side, 12 feet from the foot of the pole, or 24 feet from the place where the other end of the line is fastened. Required the height of the pole? NOBODY.
Newville, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What kind of vice is it that some persons will shun if they are ever so bad? Ans.—Ad-vice.

☞ What tune did the wind first whistle? Ans.—O'er the hills and far away.

☞ Why are real friends like ghosts? Ans.—They are often heard of, but seldom seen.

☞ When is a sailor like a corpse? Ans.—When he is in the shrouds.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
General William Selby Harney.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
Dixon's Spring Female Academy.

PROBLEM.—Seventy-Five Dollars.

NOAH'S DOG.—I heard a curious story connected with the history of the dog, and which, if true, shows that Noah had not fully calculated the dimensions necessary to carry all his passengers; it was this, that after taking in all that the Ark could hold conveniently, it was found that the dog was left out, and could only be accommodated by standing in the doorway; this he did, and it rained on his nose forty days and forty nights, and it has been cold, when in health, ever since.

This, I believe, I heard from some Professor of Natural History, when asking him how to account for the coldness of the dog's nose.

CRUELTY OF CONSTANTINE, VICEROY OF POLAND.—During a grand review, he wished to give a foreigner of distinction a remarkable proof of the respect in which discipline was held by the soldiers. With this view, he approached one of the generals of the service, and, without a word of reprimand or advice, pierced his right foot with his sword. The unfortunate man did not move; it was only when the Grand Duke had withdrawn his weapon, the blood flowing abundantly, that he allowed himself to fall down.

Agricultural.

CEMENT WATER PIPES.

The following, which we take from the *Farmer and Artisan*, but which, from the text, we suppose to have originally appeared in the *Rural*, gives a full and accurate account of the method of making cement pipes.—ED.

Good water is everywhere desirable, and it adds much to the convenience and comfort of the farmer and his family, when it is of easy access to the barn and dwelling-house. There are sometimes so situated that the water of springs or pure streams can be brought to any desired locality, by the use of suitable pipes for its conveyance. Lead has frequently been employed for this purpose, and also wood, but each are liable to serious objections. The first poisons the water for drinking, and wears out in from five to ten years, while the second imparts a woody taste, unless the stream is rapid, and soon decays so as to need repair or renewal. Pipes of water-lime cement have been successfully employed, and recent inquiries on the subject have induced us to collect and condense from the *Rural* the following information on their use and construction. Mr. Geddes is our principal authority—his letter is given in the *Cultivator* for 1846. Other writers have also been consulted.

Ditches for Cement Pipes.—These should be sunk between two and three feet deep—certainly beyond the reach of frost—the bottom made level and even, and about 18 inches wide. Abrupt turns should be avoided.

Preparations of the Cement.—The first quality of lime, and clean, sharp sand should be procured. Fresh ground lime is to be preferred, and the proper proportion is one bushel of lime to two of sand. These should be thoroughly mixed before any water is put to them, and the water added to only a small quantity (what can be used before it sets,) at a time. It should be well worked and tempered like mortar used for plastering.

Construction of the Pipe—Implements Used.—When the ditch is ready and a quantity of mortar prepared, a kind of mold or box is brought into use for carrying the same to the ditch. It is made of smooth inch boards, about five feet long, six inches wide, and three inches deep, the sides a little flaring, so that the mortar may be emptied with ease. This mold is filled evenly full, (a small board being held against the ends, and the mortar pressed into the corners with a trowel,) and carried to the ditch, in which two men are standing to receive it and empty it on the middle at the bottom of the same. A rod five and a half feet long, perfectly smooth, and of the diameter of the desired pipe—generally an inch and a half or a quarter—a piece of the same size a foot long, connected to it by a flexible leather pipe, is laid on the cement, and pressed one-half of its diameter into it. And the mold full of cement is placed on the top of the first, and pressed down, making a body of mortar about six inches square, with the rod in the centre. The mold is taken off, and then each man with a trowel points the sides, and perfects the joints, one-half of the five feet. Fine earth is then thrown in and trampled down on each side of the cement, and then about six inches of dirt thrown loosely over the top. The end of the rod projects far enough for one man to draw it, while the other places himself so as to hold the sides of the cement to prevent a piece breaking off the end as the rod starts. [illegible] draw it to the leather, which, being flexible, allows the rod to be turned back over the finished part, while another mold of cement is placed on the bottom of the ditch. This new cement must be carefully joined to the old—quite hard by this time—with the point of the trowel, and the rod then turned down, proceeding as before; put on the mortar and the dirt, and then draw the rod, performing all with care and neatness.

Introduction of the Water.—A pump-log affords the best means of introducing the water to the pipe. It is tapered down and cemented to the pipe at one end—the other extends into the spring: the hole at the end stopped, and a chamber some four inches square, made in the lower side of the log, with a sieve to keep out leaves and dirt. This arrangement prevents the clogging of the pipe until the water is some inches above the entrance. The wood is covered with cement as far as possible, so as to prevent its decay.

Connection of Penstock with Pipe.—A lead pipe is connected with the cement pipe, by plastering around it, and then the latter is joined to the penstock by which the water is brought up and delivered. The water may be carried down the penstock, and by a similar lead pipe jointed to the cement pipe which is to carry it on.

This is perhaps the best plan, as the lead will bend, and a jar or wrench of the penstock will not break it, as it will the cement. To prevent the action of the frost on the penstock, put a plank frame or box around it, and fill it with old tan-bark above the discharged pipe. This, kept dry, will not freeze.

Letting in the Water, Remedying Defects, &c.—Water should not be admitted into the pipe under six or eight weeks, the ditch remaining half-filled as when first laid down. When it is let in, a careful examination should be made for leaks, but none will be found when proper care has been used. Should any be found, a little cement will stop them, and if any part of the pipe should be crushed in, the top should be cut from it, and a piece of tin the right size fitted in for the upper part of the tube, and then filled in with cement to the size it was originally. The cement will soon set, and that part of the pipe be as good as any other.

Strength and Cost of Cement Pipes.—Probably no accurate test of the strength of these pipes has been made. Mr. Geddes speaks of a pipe an inch and a quarter in diameter, some four or five inches square, which bore a head of twenty feet of water without injury. No common lead pipe will do this. As to cost, the price varies from $1 to $1 50 per rod, including labor, materials, and fixtures. Their durability must be very great, and where a diameter of two inches will convey the necessary amount of water, perhaps no better material can be used. After the first few weeks, they impart no taste to the water; it is as pure as if brought in a pitcher from the spring. B.

THE FINEST OX IN THE WORLD.

An ox, acknowledged by all who have seen him to be the most extraordinary one they have ever heard of, is about to be forwarded to the Smithfield Cattle Show, from Sir H. Verney's, of Claydon House. He was bred and fed by the Hon. Baronet, and is a pure short-horn. He is rather over five years old, and is supposed to be much heavier than the famous Durham ox, about which so much noise was made at the beginning of the present century, or than the American ox, which some few years since attracted so much notice. He stands nearly 19 hands high, and measures 6 ft. 6 in. from hip to shoulder, 3 ft. across the hips, 9 ft. 11 in. in girth behind the shoulder, and 12 ft. in length from the tip of the nose to the rump, while his depth from chin to brisket exceeds 4 ft. 6 in. He is exceedingly well made up, particularly along the whole length of his back; and notwithstanding his great size, presents none of those monstrous fatty excrescences which so generally disfigured the highly-fed beasts, and were so generally condemned a few years since. He has been fed upon grass, cake and corn; and is supposed by various judges, who have courteously been permitted by Mr. Fraser, Sir H. Verney's steward, to visit him, to weigh upwards of 300 stone. Notwithstanding his great weight, he is exceedingly active, is very tractable, and is a capital feeder; indeed, Mr. Fraser does not hesitate to express his belief that the animal could stand feeding for another year. In color he is a light roan, with white predominating, and is altogether a very handsome, quiet beast, with a kind head and docile eye.—*Bucks (Eng.) Chronicle.* At the New Hampshire State Fair, an ox was exhibited weighing over 4,000 pounds.

THE DAIRY.

The milk cellar should be deep, well ventilated and dry, the bottom covered with stone flagging; well rammed clay is preferable to brick, unless they are glazed—soft common brick absorb milk and other liquids coming in contact with them; from which they cannot be cleansed; which will soon contract, must and mildew—the smell of which, like all other foul air in the room, will be imparted to the cream and butter. Over this cellar should stand the Dairy-room, with shelves to set milk upon in cool weather; the cellar to be used during all the extremes of heat and cold.

Set-kettles should not stand in the Dairy-room; neither should churning, cheese making, or cleansing milk vessels be done there, but in a convenient room near by.

Cream may be kept most perfectly in a white oak vessel with a tight cover, and a faucet or tap near the bottom to draw off the milk before the customary daily stirring.

Butter will come quickly at any season of the year, if the cream be at the temperature of from 65 to 75 degrees.

The kegs for packing butter should be made of white oak, bilging in the form of casks for the more perfect exclusion of air, and convenience of transportation. If the butter is not to be sent to a warm climate, or a foreign or distant market, the bilging kegs should have moveable covers, to accommodate inspection; they should be soaked in a strong brine made from pure salt, in order that justice may be done to the purchaser, in turn, to save the butter from being spoiled to the depth of one or two inches all round, from its contact with dry wood. For kegs avoid ash, spruce, birch, and white wood. The best of family butter should be put into kegs of from 25 to 50 pounds, an extra price will be obtained for it. Large kegs are only suited to retail business. No salt should be put on the sides or bottom, nor between the layers or butter.

In the manufacture of cheese, a preference is sometimes given to that kind of salt which is rejected for butter. We have remarked that glauber salts—the salts of lime and magnesia, (which constitute the principal impurities in common salt) prevent butter from hardening; they have the same effect on cheese, which gives it the appearance of richness, and the pungent bitter taste which they impart to it, is an improvement in the estimation of some. If firm cheese is desired, rock salt should be used.—*Northern Farmer.*

The Olio.

THE ROYAL GUEST.

They tell me I am shrewd with other men,
With thee I'm slow and difficult of speech;
With others, I may guide the car of talk,
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garments from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God Himself.

For them, I wile the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

Oh, friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prison'd heart
Springs forth, to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare,
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine,
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.
"Passion Flowers."

NEW MODE OF DOCTORING.—Thus operates Dr. Junot:—"He places a large metallic tube upon the leg, which is exactly in the shape of a boot, and by an apparatus connected with it, he gradually exhausts it of air, the consequence of which is, the limb swells enormously, becoming three times the ordinary size. There is an immense quantity of blood thus determined to the lower extremity, whose capillary vessels become much distended, and relief is thus given to the overloaded sanguineous system elsewhere, which is often permanent, as the limb only slowly unloads itself from the humors driven into it. There is no reaction to be feared; the objection that at first presents itself is the probability of its giving rise to varicose veins, but from the numerous experiments that have been made, it would appear that this effect had not been produced. It would appear to offer a resource where there was great determination of arterial blood to the head, or where there is venous retardation."

A SNOW-STORM OF THE OLDEN TIME.—The year 1717, is memorable in the history of New England, on account of the unusual quantity of snow which fell February 20th and 24th of that year. In those two storms the earth was covered with snow from ten to fifteen feet, and in some places to twenty feet deep. Many houses of one story were buried, and, in numerous cases, paths were dug from house to house under the snow drifts. The visits were made by means of snow-shoes, the wearers having first stepped out of their chamber-windows. One gentleman, wishing to visit his "lady love," walked three miles with snow-shoes, and entered her residence as he had left his own, namely: by the chamber-window. He was cordially received, as he was the first person the family had seen from abroad for a week. Cotton Mather has left a manuscript account of "this great snow," and the many marvels and prodigies attending it.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING SHOT.—Gen. Sir E. Pakenham, who was killed at New Orleans, La., by a ball which went through the common iliac artery, had been twice shot through the neck in earlier life. The first shot, which went through high up, from right to left, turned his head a little to the right. The second shot, from left to right, brought it straight. My kind and excellent friend had ever afterwards a great respect and regard for the doctors, and a strong feeling for the wounded. The recollection of that regard, and the advantage derived from it, has made me sometimes think it might be advantageous for the unfortunate, as well as for the doctors, if every general could be at least once shot through the neck or the body, before he was raised to the command of an army in the field; for there is nothing like actual experience of suffering to make men feel for their fellow-creatures in distress.—*London Lancet.*

THE EYELASHES AND EYEBROWS.—In Circassia, Georgia, Persia and India, one of the mother's earliest cares is to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes, by tipping and removing the fine gossamer-like points with a pair of scissors, when they are asleep. By repeating this every month or six weeks, they become in time, long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. The practice never fails to produce the desired effect, and it is particularly useful when, owing to inflammation of the eyes, the lashes have been thinned or stunted.

WEARING THE CROSS.—The holy ensign of the Cross was often used in dress in order to command a homage the wearer would not otherwise have received. In 1363, the father of the Doge of Venice preferred always going bareheaded to pulling off his cap to his son, until the Doge thought of placing a golden cross in front of his cap. The father then re-assumed his cap, and when he met his son pulled it off, saying, "It is not him I salute, but the cross;" and from that time the cross became an ornament of the ducal cap.

☞ A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion," than he should fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the churchyard at dark.—*Bulwer.*

For Housekeepers.

HONEY CAKE, NO. 1.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, six eggs, two pounds of flour, one table-spoonful of ground cinnamon, half a gill of cream, one quart of honey, one tablespoonfull of dissolved saleratus. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs and stir in with the flour, cinnamon, cream and honey. Beat the whole for ten minutes, then stir in the saleratus. Line your pan with several thicknesses of paper, well buttered; pour in the mixture, and bake it in a slow oven.

HONEY CAKE, NO. 2.—Half-a-pound of sugar, half-a-pound of butter, one pint of honey, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonfull of nutmeg, as much flour as will form a dough. Stir the butter and sugar together, add the nutmeg, cinnamon and honey, and enough flour to form a dough. Knead it well, roll it out in sheets, cut it in cakes with a cake-cutter or the rim of a tumbler, place them on tins, and bake them in a moderately hot oven. Before you set them in the oven, wash them over with a little honey and water, mixed in equal quantities.—*National Cook Book.*